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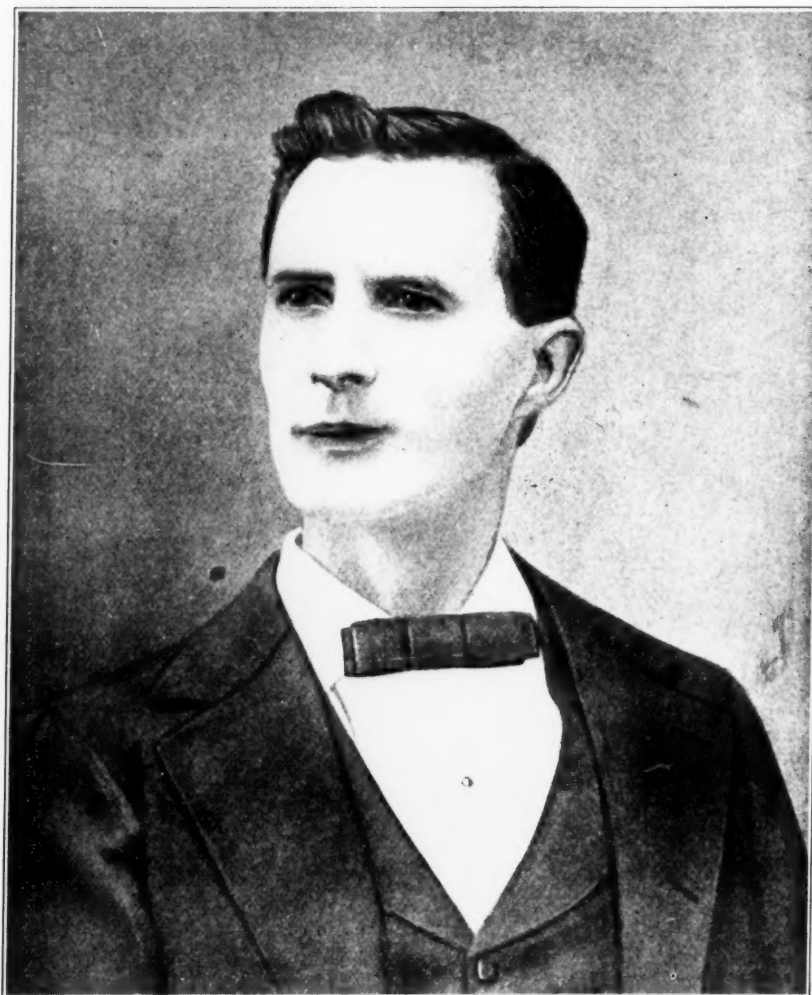
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Looks Rather Wrong

THREE years ago the *Encyclopedia Britannica* was sold widely at a good, plump sum on what looked like a positive guarantee that it would never be cheaper in price at first hand. Now there's an edition advertised at a reduction of 46 per cent. Even though this edition is put forth by Sears, Roebuck & Co., a corporation headed by philanthropist Julius Rosenwald, there's something like a swindle in this procedure. The purchasers of the earlier edition were deceived, or the new edition is not, as advertised, the equal of the first. The publishers of the first edition would appear definitely to have broken faith with those who bought the book, to have robbed those purchasers of the 46 per cent the purchasers of the new edition are said to save.

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No conviction of the big rich men charged with conspiracy to monopolize by consolidations the transportation of New England. There's no way to prevent monopoly save by pulling the ground from under the monopolizers. All monopoly derives from land monopoly. And the right kind of taxation will destroy that. Confiscate economic rent of land.

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Will We Lose Hy. Kiel

SOME Republicans are talking of running Mayor Kiel of St. Louis for Governor of Missouri. Henry Kiel has been a good Mayor of this city. Not that he has not made mistakes. He has made some few bad ones. But he has made no mean ones. He has tried to do everything the people wanted done, and with no small measure of success. Once or twice he may have mistaken the voice of the Republican politicians for the voice of the people, but he caught himself before going too far, notably in favoring a loose interpretation of the merit system of appointment. He supported the new charter, a self-denying ordinance; he put over the free-bridge bond issue; he fought for the Parkway improvement; he got the Levee tracks from the Terminal in exchange for trackage in the Ranken tract; he is putting through the plans for municipal river docks and connecting terminals. All these things he has done neatly and featly, all the while mixing more with the people than any man in the office before his time and winning a larger measure of popular affection than ever went out to any of his predecessors in the office. I'm really afraid that St. Louisans are so fond of Hy. Kiel that they will not want to lose him to the Governorship.

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The Future of Base Ball

Now that Phil Ball and Otto Stifel of the Federals have bought out Mr. Hedges and the Browns, maybe St. Louis can get a pennant winner ball club. Mr. Hedges might have captured a pennant but he was in the game for business, not for glory. I think if he'd gone after the glory it would have been better business in the long run. Still you can-

not tell, here in St. Louis. When one man declared he was going out after a pennant the banks promptly called him on their loans to him in other business ventures. It's hard to get a winning ball club without paying money for the best players, but banks, St. Louis banks at least, don't want to help a man who makes civic pride an objective. Probably that's why Mr. Hedges kept his club just good enough to be able to make a profit on trading players. It was the banks that put a crimp in the Federal campaign here, but in organized base ball there was more financing than ballplaying. The public got tired of poor ball and high-finance and the politics of the magnates. Reorganized base ball must be brought back to popular favor by putting more play in the players. And the prices of admission should come down. Better ball and lower prices will get the crowds and—the money.

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TOMASSO SALVINI, E. S. Willard, Ada Rehan—three great mimes are among the recently notable dead. Where are actors to come from in the future—if we are to have any actors in the future? The actors who pose for the film plays are developing into bad actors—the films call for overacting, they make finish impossible. And there can be no great acting without the shadings of the human voice. All great actors have come from one training school—the old stock company. The stock company is extinct. Acting is, save for a few survivals, a lost art.

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The Southwest Backs Yoakum.

OKLAHOMA's Corporation Commission has filed with the Missouri Public Service Commission a protest against approval of the bankers' plan for reorganization of the Frisco Railroad. It declares that the capitalization per mile is excessive. There is more than \$40,000 per mile of watered stock in the capitalization, so that the people will be expected to pay that excess in rates in order to provide dividends. There are more miles of Frisco track in Oklahoma than in Missouri. This intervening action by the Oklahoma commission is something new. It is an important innovation. It will have the value of a precedent. If all the States make common cause in the regulation of capitalization and reorganization of the railroads now in receivership there will be a greater effect to the decision in the State in which the plans are submitted. It will prevent the reorganizers flitting from one State to another with their plans and confusing the issues. Furthermore, if the State commissions can act in concert with one another they can act with the Interstate Commerce Commission and thus secure a unanimity of method in dealing with railroads that will save a great deal of time in dealing with such affairs. The conflict between the States and the United States in railroad regulation will tend to disappear. The railroads complain of this conflict. They say they have too many masters pulling too many different ways and that between clashing requirements the railroads know not what to do. State commissions in voluntary co-operation can do much to simplify matters. It is significant

that Oklahoma's commission should interpose or intervene with the Missouri commission as a friend of the court, because it shows that down in the Southwest the issue in the Frisco reorganization has not been obscured by Judge Henry S. Priests' attack on B. F. Yoakum. The Southwest rather thinks Yoakum is on the right side when the attorney of the bankers' crowd attacks him. The abuse of Yoakum is a futile attempt to cover up the bankers' "rake off" and the scheme for shutting out the stockholders. Thus far Mr. Yoakum has all the best of the row. The official regulating bodies of two great States are with him. It seems certain that the bankers will not have their own way. If one State doesn't stop them another will. The people at large have an interest in the matter and that interest will be taken care of as it could not have been under the bankers' reorganization plan. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Yoakum will be still better thought of in the Southwest than before, when the full extent of his service to the public in stopping the Seligman-Speyer scheme to squeeze the Frisco shall be understood. And all the men now preparing reorganization of other bankrupt railroads had better formulate their plans so as to meet the sort of objection Mr. Yoakum has made so effective in the case of the Frisco. Reorganizations must not be private snaps for bankers who reorganize in a fashion to lead to more bankruptcies and receiverships. If they won't deal on top of the table, let the foreclosure come, so we may learn what railroads are actually worth.

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Frying the Fat Out of Frisco

APROPOS the Frisco reorganization, here's a letter exposing the skeleton of the bankers' plan under the fine, juicy fat which they reserve for themselves—the story of a plunder plot reduced to its simplest terms:

B. F. YOAKUM,

71 Broadway, New York.

January 10, 1916.

Dear Mr. Reedy:

I want to thank you for the several excellent comments by the MIRROR, which is always eminently fair to both sides of a controversy, in connection with Frisco reorganization. I know the stockholders who are contesting the plan are right in the fight they are forced to make to conserve the interests of the security holders, as well as protect the public from unnecessary burdens which the patrons of the Frisco would have to pay.

The Frisco, which must be a good property, otherwise there would not be so many fighting for it, was built up on 80-cent dollars. Mexican dollars have been worth 60 cents almost half of the time I have been working with 80-cent dollars, which is the average price for bonds which the bankers were willing to pay. To start off the new company on the same basis would only add bankruptcy to bankruptcy. Twenty years is not very long in the life of a railroad. At the end of that time the Frisco was reorganized with the usual profits. It was then only 1,040 miles, and earning only \$4,500,000 a year, while it is now 5,200 miles, earning \$47,000,000.

The company at this time needs \$25,000,000 of new money, which, under the plan, will cost 25 cents on the dollar. Bonds are to be sold to acquire this money, and although the bonds are to be sold to the stockholders at par, the full amount will never reach the property, as a large part of it will go through the company to pay reorganization expenses, and not for new rail, new ties, new stations, etc. The public is interested in this, as well as in the bonus demanded in new bonds, for which the company receives nothing.

No railroad can succeed on 80-cent dollars. The

interest on the 20 cents of each dollar that never reaches the property is payable every 6 months just the same as the interest on the 80 cents which the company receives. This burden continues for all time, and no company under present conditions can exist very many years on this kind of credit. It was only through strenuous efforts that I was able to carry the Frisco as long as I did under such adverse conditions.

The corn, wheat and oats of Oklahoma, the apples of the Ozarks, the cattle and other foodstuff from Kansas and Texas, and the dairy products of South-eastern Missouri must all bear their proportion of tax on bonds sold by the Frisco whether the proceeds go into the property or not, and if the Frisco does its part, which it always has, in furnishing tracks, sidings, stations, equipment and other facilities to keep up with the great growth and development of the Southwest, in twenty years it will require an additional \$100,000,000, which, on the basis of the credit it is now intended to start it off with, would mean an additional \$20,000,000 in bonds, the proceeds from which would never reach the property, but on which interest would have to be paid. You will observe what a great economic waste is in sight in the future.

Pardon me for writing you at length, but these are thoughts that occurred to me, and I know of no one to whom I would rather give them.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

B. F. YOAKUM.

Mr. William M. Reedy,
St. Louis, Mo.

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The Ways of Fate

I SEE that Edward R. Stettinius has become a member of the J. P. Morgan firm. Stettinius is a St. Louis boy. I used to conjugate *tufto* alongside of him in the St. Louis University and exchange with him our translations of the "*Cyropedeia*" as well as smoke cigarettes secretly at "the castle." I remember, too, that he once played the angelic hero part in a pious drama called "Elma the Druid Martyr." He was a society man for a time after leaving the university and then made a not too serious adventure in brokerage. He was not heard from much for a long time until he became president of the Diamond Match Company, and then when the war broke, he obtained leave of absence from that position in order to superintend the purchases of the Allies in this country. His efficiency at that brought the recognition which is now shown in his going into the Morgan concern. His financial and social successes are attested by the publicity given the recent coming-out party given for his daughter at Sherry's. All of which is good news of a good fellow, even if it does make me regret that I didn't go into finance rather than journalism. I would have made a great financier, if only I could have got the money.

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To Curb Monopoly

THE dispatches tell us that the value of shares in the Standard Oil Company had reached \$1,700 a share on December 29. At the time of dissolution in 1911, in accordance with the decision of the Supreme Court, the shares were worth \$675. The total number of shares is 983,383, of which John D. Rockefeller owns 247,692. This makes the value of his Standard Oil holdings about \$421,000,000. We are not dissolving or abolishing anything under the anti-trust act. Single Taxers proclaimed this at the time of the dissolution decision. And we don't want to dissolve or abolish any of the good activities of Big Business. So far as Standard Oil gives service to the public, it is entitled to reward. Perhaps

the reward seems too great, but if so, it is because the profits heralded in the press are not the earnings of service but the increment of privilege. The Standard Oil stock has increased in value from \$97,500,000 to \$1,600,000,000 in less than five years by virtue of its ownership of oil lands, railways, docks. The increase is mostly an increase due to control of land, and it has certain drawback privileges under the tariff laws. The anti-trust law does not touch the essence of Standard Oil privileges. It still has the advantage of site control. It still has land value that belongs to all the people. The only way to dissolve the trusts is to tax their land values out of their pockets. That will give us competition by opening up natural resources now held out of use. It will not reduce but will increase the supply of all things that come out of the land. It will increase the wages of labor, decrease rents and disseminate rather than concentrate into a few hands that prosperity we hear so much about but so seldom come in contact with, personally.

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Another Straw

IN connection with my speculations in these columns last week as to whether the St. Louis Republic had been taken over by the Ochs brothers of the New York Times, I am moved to add to the evidence the fact that the Republic has given up the New York Herald wire news service and taken that of the New York Times. The Ochs are possessed of Napoleonic newspaper ambitions, like Hearst in this country and Lord Northcliffe in England, and there's nothing improbable in theory that they have added the Republic to their "string."

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Thoughts on the Mill Tax

THAT mill per passenger tax which St. Louis has been trying to collect for ten years from the United Railways is still held up in the courts. The city has won the case several times and may win it again, even though a former City Counselor who fought for the city is now fighting for the railway corporation. The amount of the mill tax now due is more than \$2,500,000. What is the city going to do with the money, if, or when, it gets the final decision? It should not be spent foolishly. It ought to be used in some way to improve transportation. That's what Chicago intends to do with the money it gets from its street railways. But when we read of what Chicago gets from its street car system and think of the horrible roar our street railways put up over a tax of one mill per passenger, we cannot help but wonder. The 55 per cent of the net earnings of the Chicago street car companies that goes to the city, and that is to be used in building a subway, now amounts to \$18,759,500. As an economic side-light on the Chicago situation it is interesting to know that the increase in wages granted the men after the recent strike reduced the city's share of the net earnings \$540,398. This is a point that brings Labor's interest squarely on the side of municipal ownership. Our mill-tax money is piling up for us. When we get it, we should have some definite thing upon which to spend it. If we have not, it might be just as well for the city to tell the railway company we will take annual improvements and extensions to the amount of the tax in lieu of the money. When we see what Chicago gets out of its street railways we wonder the United Railways does not quit fighting the tax but proceed to pay up and felicitate itself that it's getting off easy. And St. Louis seems foolish in holding out

for the tax and not insisting on the improvements the tax would pay for.

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Gorgas and George

SURGEON GENERAL of the United States W. C. Gorgas is making speeches in various places. He talks about disease and sanitation. What he says about those things in a purely technical way is widely reported. But the main thing he says is always edited out. He says that the way to health is through raising wages—abolishing poverty, in fact. He says the way to raise wages is to make jobs. He says the way to make jobs is to open up opportunity in the land. Make cheap land and there won't be any slums to be "sanitized." Pay good wages and workers will have homes well aired and lighted. It was Gorgas who made possible the success of Goethals' work on the Panama Canal. It was wage increase that helped most to make sanitation effective. The man who extirpated yellow fever in Cuba, and cleaned up the Isthmus, and has now been summoned to take charge of the sanitation of South Africa, says in effect that the best prescription he has in his medicine chest was written by Henry George and is called "Progress and Poverty." Give people a chance at the land, so they can make better wages and they live on a higher plane, eat better food and wear better clothing. The medical profession pays high honor to Surgeon General Gorgas for his sanitary work in all respects save the most important one. They won't see that he has seen the way to get rid of disease by removing the economic cause. Every doctor that wants to abolish disease, and not to keep it flourishing as a means to his own living, should get in line with General Gorgas and make the Single Tax the basis of medical ethics.

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Personal Taxes

AN indignant subscriber writes, asking why I have made no comment on the published fact that there was a large discrepancy between the last tax returns of certain prominent citizens of St. Louis, and the inventory valuation of their estates for probate since their death. The answer is that such discrepancy is not news. People return to the tax assessor what they think they should pay taxes on. When their estates are probated, everything has to be listed and valued. The listing and valuation are done by others, who don't have to pay the taxes. The result is that the widows and orphans of the deceased pay taxes on everything. Everybody returns his property at the lowest figures, and nobody returns personal property if he can help it. The personal property tax should be abolished. It does nothing but promote evasion and perjury. The common consent of mankind is against taxation of personal property. Common sense is opposed to the personal property tax. The law should be brought into relationship with common sense.

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Wilson's Wrong Tax Views

WILSON's administration is wrong in its tax plan to pay for preparedness. Lowering the limit of income tax exemption is wrong. The people whom preparedness will most protect should pay the bill. Taxing gasoline and automobile horse-power is wrong. It is a tax on industry. Stamp-taxes hit the little fellow. It is not the little fellow who gets the greater benefits of government, but the big fellow. Who has benefited in this country thus far—so far as anyone has benefited—by the war? The munitions makers. The sellers of supplies. The underwriters of loans.

There is no proposal to increase the taxes of such folks. The proposal to pay for preparedness by means of a higher tariff is a scheme to put the cost on the ultimate consumer. Income in its higher reaches should bear the burden. For income in its higher reaches comes not from industry but from privileges. The greater incomes are unearned by those who enjoy them. There should be heavier taxes on unearned incomes and properly levied and collected they would pay for all the preparedness we shall need.

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Bryan's Blessing Backward

JUDGING by the signs of balking in the Senate and House on the preparedness programme, I should say that one William Jennings Bryan will be at the Democratic convention with a force behind him that will not be easily overcome. When Mr. Bryan left the position of Secretary of State he said to President Wilson, "God bless you!" Now Mr. Bryan is acting as if his sentiment toward the president is exactly the contrary of that pious expression.

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Gardner is Gaining

It begins to look as if the Democratic leaders in Missouri will simply have to take Col. Fred. Gardner as candidate for Governor, for the reason that there is no other aspirant with any popular strength behind him, no other among the mentioned who represents a vote-getting issue. Gardner's land bank bill will make the people forget all about the present State administration and its blunders. Col. Gardner would have withdrawn in favor of Speaker Clark, but it's now in order for all the other possibilities to withdraw in favor of Col. Gardner.

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Wise Old Champ

CHAMP CLARK will not be a candidate for Governor of Missouri. There may be something doing in the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis along the line of holding the party to its Baltimore declaration of the principle of a single term for the President. Mr. Clark may get the support of Mr. Bryan by way of atonement for the great dump at Baltimore. The most noted Piker wants to be prepared for emergencies, contingencies and eventualities. There's a lot of wisdom wrapped up in Mr. Clark's homespun simplicity.

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No Peace With Tariffs

ANY scheme for the promotion and preservation of peace that does not include the wiping out of protective tariffs is doomed to failure. Why talk peace when the Entente powers are talking of shutting out of their boundaries, after the war, all the products of the Teutonic allies, and the Teutonic allies are preparing to organize a *Zollverein* of free trade among themselves and prohibitive tariffs against their present enemies? To state the facts is but to say that after the war there shall be more war and continuously more war. And both Entente and Allies will almost necessarily have to make their tariff war apply to this country too. They will want to sell us everything. They will try to buy from us nothing. How can there be any assurance of peace so long as such an attitude exists? Yet all the peace organizations are blathering about peace by means of international tribunals and treaties. Tribunals blow up and treaties are torn up when economic strife demands. An international armed force wouldn't last longer than it takes some economic sufferer to find out it couldn't afford to pay its share of the upkeep. There's talk of economic pressure to keep the peace. But

no economic pressure to keep the peace, exerted on any nation, could prevail as against economic pressure that would force it to break the peace. The first step to universal peace is universal free trade. I mean free trade within a nation as well as outside. Free trade and industry in any land—take off the taxation imposed on the many for the benefit of the privileged—and there would be so much business supplying the home market, there would be no clamor for access to foreign markets. With no clamor for foreign markets there would be no great clashings between nations for territory, spheres of influence, places in the sun. The way to peace is not through any arbitrary, artificial devices of a theoretic internationalism, but through national emancipation of industry. There is enough market at home for every nation, if production is encouraged and the consumer is given a chance to increase his consumption by increasing his production. Enable the people at home to buy, through giving them work at good pay. Then there'll be no need to fight to sell in far lands. The talk of peace while Entente and Allies are talking of *Zollvereins* offensive and defensive is little less than imbecilic. *Zollvereins* mean more armaments for everybody. They will coerce the little or neutral nations into one *Zollverein* or another. The *Zollvereins* might be all right if there were any sign that the component societies would really do anything within their own border to free industry, but they won't. They will permit a few to exploit the many. High tariffs keep peoples apart. They even make classes in the countries they are supposed to protect. If one were to believe the full import of the recent news from London and Berlin one would be forced to the conclusion that the purpose of the Powers is that the present war shall never end. And if the United States goes back to high tariff the United States will be committed to the endless war. Tariffs mean unlimited preparedness for war. Tariffs mean militarism. There can be no permanent peace so long as tariff obstructions are piled up between nations. Let us quit talking tariff or quit talking peace. They don't mix.

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Ned Sothorn Writes

IN the January *Scribner* Mr. Edward H. Sothorn begins his "Remembrances," the which I would advise all lovers of literature to read. The charming actor is a charming writer; in both capacities a romantic, a poet. The first installment of his memoirs deals with child life in his parents' home in England. We have glimpses of his famous father in pranks with Joe Jefferson and John T. Raymond—boys all. When Sothorn tells of his little brothers and their doings he discloses himself as the possessor of a whimsical tenderness and humor very much like Barrie's or, in a way, like Stevenson's. The Sothorn serial in *Scribner's* is one of the things, surely, that will go far towards making 1916 a happy new year. "Ned" has lived a life full of stirring events and important friendships. He has lived and worked for the highest ideals of the stage. His story of his day will be a thing compact of all delight. Not the least of the delights will be the revelation of himself—a gentle actor in the fine sense in which "gentle" is used of Shakespeare.

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Some Needs of this Town

WHAT St. Louis needs is factories. A jobbing city doesn't grow. Therefore those who want this city to get a move on are glad over the news that the International Shoe Com-

pany is going to build and operate a \$7,000,000 tannery here. This tannery will bring more than a dozen other related factories in its train. All these will be employers of labor. It's the multiplication of pay-rolls that makes a big city. There are no spenders like the workers. It is they who make the real live town. The big tannery here will force the Eastern tanneries to establish branches here. What we should set about getting next are the manufacturing plants that should be near our great hardware and woodenware jobbing houses. What the business brains of this city should set about rectifying first is the condition represented by the great manufacturing development on the eastern side of the river between Alton and East St. Louis. That growth of business does not benefit this city as it should. Its relations with Chicago are closer than with this city, though this city is right next door. It is easier for a man in Alton, twenty miles from St. Louis, to do business in Chicago than it is to do business here. I talked the other day to an Alton man who told me that in the past six months he had stayed overnight in Chicago fifteen times while he had stayed overnight in St. Louis only twice. The region just across the river is our territory geographically but not socially or financially or in a business way generally. It is all very well for our publicists here to draw circles, with St. Louis for a center, which include this Illinois region as our territory, but it is so only in the pictures. The big plants on the other side are *not* part of this city. Their multiplication is not to this city's advantage. We need factories and lots of them on this side of the river. And the reason we don't get more of them is not one appertaining to freight rates or anything like that. It is because when anyone comes into the St. Louis region on this side, looking for a factory site he is confronted by prices for land that are absolutely prohibitive. The International Shoe Company happens to be a concern built up by St. Louisans with a real affection for the city. But for that it is not at all unlikely that the big \$7,000,000 tannery would have been located over the river.

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THAT proposed tax upon gasoline and the gasoline engine is going to hit the farmer pretty hard. It will not hit John D. Rockefeller at all, in comparison.

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The War's Balance Sheet

TERMS of peace! There is no basis for negotiating them. The Teutons hold Belgium, a part of France, something of Russia, but their hold is far from securely established. The Allies are increasing their strength in men and munitions all the time. What the Teutons hold is still disputed and with growing resources for possible recovery. All or nearly all Germany's colonies have been taken and are held, for the time being at least, undisputed. Great Britain and her allies hold the sea. The British navy practically blockades Berlin and Vienna. The navy even dominates the situation in Flanders and France. The Teuton activities in the far East have not caused the relaxation of the navy's grip on the situation through control of the Western seas. The enemy navy has mastered the Baltic and tightened the cordon around Germany. The submarine activity against the navy in the Mediterranean is much like that which the British have mastered in the West. It gets a ship now and then, but the total execution is negligible, when we consider that Great Britain's navy is increasing rather than

diminishing. The proposals for peace which have recently come, it is said, from German sources are such as to justify the assertion that in the accounting of achievements in the war, the Germans, if they have not overvalued their own achievements, undervalued those of the enemy. Financially the Germans say they are not suffering. They cannot suffer much, so long as they deal only with themselves. To an outside observer it is not at all evident that the showing of a balance-sheet just now, is so overwhelmingly in favor of the Teutons. It is not true, that, comparing the war to a poker game, the Germans having all the chips, naturally want peace. They have not all the chips. Most of those she is generally believed to have are still in the pot; the hand is not played out as yet. The draw is still on, it may be said. The more one studies the situation the more reason there is for the answer of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy that the time to concede peace terms has not yet arrived. Against all the magnitude and splendor of the land successes of Germany and Austro-Hungary there is the even more magnitudinous, if not so splendrous to the eye, success of the opposing sea-power. Until the sea-power that has a strangle-hold on the Central nations is broken, their achievements must be considered as subject to reversal. The Teutonic dash on Egypt is nothing but a move in the hope of shaking loose the naval grip upon the situation in the West. When it comes to holding something on which to trade a peace in this war, the Allies, through their sea-power, would seem to hold the Teutonic powers at a disadvantage, mauger all the mighty "drives" against which, by the way, the driven have come and are coming back. Germany is not enough victor yet to make her foes listen to her terms, but it is highly characteristic of the German mind that it cannot understand why it cannot make her enemies, and particularly Great Britain, understand that they are beaten. Defeat after all is a state of mind and the foes of Germany are very far as yet from that state of mind. Germany's state of mind may look like victory to her, but the naval garrote around her is not a "claim" that can be "metaphysicked" away. Something more decisive than has yet occurred must come to pass before there will be any prospect of serious consideration of peace terms such as have been tentatively advanced of late.

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The Dubbs Are Coming

HENRY DUBB is to be here next Sunday—he and Mrs. Dubb—at Central Labor Union Hall. They will show what *Dubbs* they are. Also why they are *Dubbs*. They are *Dubbs* because they accept as gospel truth all the lies that go to make up our social and political creeds. They believe in the Declaration of Independence, in the rights of man, that the people rule, that the right must prevail, that honesty is the best policy, that virtue is its own reward, that it is never right to tell a lie. And because they believe these things they are everlastingly getting it in the neck and elsewhere. Trusting to the truth of catchwords that trust invariably throws them down hard. They are done brown. The world becomes for them a sort of *heinegabubler* establishment where the virtues are inside out or upside down and the only excuse for the *Dubbs* being in it is that the other folks who don't believe or trust in the shibboleths of society should have a pair of "fall guys" to work on. The *Dubbs* are everybody's butt. They are the goats. They are symbols of the

common people. At Labor Union Hall next Sunday afternoon they will go through their tragicomic agony. For the *Dubbs* are more popular than any of the movie stars, more beloved than the people of the comic Sunday supplements. The *Dubbs* are to the Socialists of the country, of the world in fact, the incarnation of the honest, well-meaning stupidity of the human race. They are the victims of all the exploitations. They are endlessly deceived and incalculably deluded by the capitalist class. They are each of us. Mr. Ryan Walker created them and he pictures them in a hundred Socialist papers. He does it with a wild dash and wooziness of effect. He throws his lines on paper like confetti at a carnival. He splashes his black ink among the lines in the most absurd fashion. And off in one corner there is always a more or less inchoate cat that observes the woes of the *Dubbs* with an ironic amazement verging upon amused distress. The cat is Ryan Walker's signature. It means the true faith to every Socialist. Walker's pencil and pen are doing sapping and mining work against the present social and economic system. He shows the proletarians how they look to those who exploit them. He jeers the man in the street into resentment. Ryan Walker talks as he draws and he talks well, with a fine mordancy in his humor, and he makes you love the poor *Dubbs* even while you despise them for their obtuse simplicity. Ryan Walker is a hot gospeller of the red flag and there's ferocity in all his fun. He's worth hearing and seeing. Socialists swear by him. He should get a good house here, because it was here that he got his first chance to put over his ideas. He was the cartoonist on the *Republic*, coming here from Kansas City. Of course, he didn't get his present ideas into the *Republic* cartoons. I doubt if he had his present ideas at that time. But his work on the *Republic* attracted attention in New York and he went there to work. Socialism got him and he gave up the high salaried post of cartoonist on capitalist papers to draw and write for the poor, little, struggling, scraggly Socialist weeklies and magazines or on the Socialist daily, *The Call*. He created his own following. His pictures are a perpetual "red" propaganda. The thousands regard him as fondly as they regard—well, Eugene Debs. He's a very funny fellow, and his fun is, oh, so earnest! It's a long time since he's been back home. He comes back a creator of a character typical of this country, as he sees it, like Jacques Bonhomme or Michel of France, Hans of Germany or Hodge of England, in *Henry Dubb* and, as a believer in the equality of the sexes, *Mrs. Dubb*. He doesn't get the big pay of the comic supplement artists or the illustrators of the "best sellers," but he gets lots of fun and he flatters himself that he is gradually getting Capitalism's goat. The St. Louis of the nineties, such of it as remains, should look in on Walker's chalk-talk and see what has happened to the boy who was once content to be mildly funny on the *Republic* of twenty years ago.

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A Poet with Pep

OUR poets are getting bold. They are not afraid of life, or of anything in it. Whatever God permits to happen they will sing about. Some of the things wouldn't appear at first sight to be singable, but the poets get away with them. Most remarkable of all recent free verse is Conrad Aiken's "Turns and Movies" in *The Poetry Journal* of Boston. (We have now two monthlies devoted to poetry and the criticism of poetry). Mr.

Aiken makes the vaudevillians tell about themselves, now with a horrible truthfulness, now with a really piercing beauty. Here you see into the two hearts of a song and dance team—each freezing with hatred, envy, jealousy. Here are the two singers doing a love scene while rejoicing in their infidelity to each other. There's a frightful vigor in the depiction of perversion and degeneracy in a serio-comic trio. The snake charmer with a snake's disposition, the murderous trapezist, the whole little world of the vaudeville programme is here made to speak for itself, revealing all, concealing nothing. It is a glimpse of a nice little hell, with some features Dante Alighieri never thought of, with touches that Kraft-Ebing would rejoice to have in their big book, "Psychopathia Sexualis." Conrad Aiken paints warts and all—even the lesions of the brain, the stigmata of the red plague. And it makes good verse. It has rhythm. And the oddest thing about it is that when the verse is most realistic it is not offensive. It fills you with a big pity for these minor mummers, pleasing others the while their own hearts are aching, rotting in their own vices, creatures who almost seem to have lost their own souls in their professional simulations. When the book of which these "Turns and Movies" are a foretaste shall appear it will be a genuine sensation in its uncompromising fidelity to the fact, with, indeed, its rather elaborate searching out of some facts which even vaudevillians try to hide about the profession. This is the best work Conrad Aiken has done.

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A Fact to Bear in Mind

ONE thing I believe all the politicians underestimate and that is the strength of the pacifist element in this country. In the first place all the Socialists are pacifists and all the Single Taxers, broadly speaking. The Chautauqua element of society is non-resistant. Union Labor is against war and so of course are the women, of whom there are more than 2,000,000 voters. There is a strong leaven of peace folks in both the Republican and Democratic parties, though few among the Progressives. If the coming Presidential campaign gives the peace people any chance at all to record their sentiment the vote will be a tremendous one. But as Republicans, Democrats and Progressives will all declare for preparedness about the only chance for the pacifists to vote their opinion will be to support the Socialist or Prohibitionist ticket. The peace propaganda has been in progress in this country for a long time, and to deny that it has made headway is to shut one's eyes to the obvious. It seems to me that it may come to this: that the election will turn upon the pacifists supporting that candidate and platform committed to the smallest, the least extreme amount of preparedness. It does not seem to me that the country will vote for any standing army of such proportions as some of the Congressmen and Senators from the scared Eastern commonwealths clamor for. The country at large refuses to be frightened by the prophets of war. I think the sentiment of the United States is about the same sentiment that prevailed in Great Britain for the eight or nine years prior to this war. That sentiment, I may say, left Great Britain without an army and consequently subject to all the blunders that have come of a neglect of preparedness. I can say this without prejudice in as much as I favor preparedness for its worth in its bearing upon social efficiency. I think that to a large extent German trade efficiency is a by-product

of her system of military training. There is a rather depressing lack of enthusiasm for any preparedness programme in the heart of the country. It is hard to get a quorum of a Security League meeting. Without doubt the country will discover that Mr. Bryan has a large body of voters behind him. If he should run for President on a peace platform he would surely beat any Democrat on a preparedness platform. The politicians who think that the victory next November will be to the most militaristic and jingoistic party are mistaken. They will find that the people of this country are afraid of preparedness that may prompt and invite aggression. They are rather afraid that the proposed programmes may involve, finally, conscription. The pacifists, limited and unlimited, have not any great newspapers setting forth their views, but they are a mighty multitude, including not only the elements I have enumerated but a vast number of the people of all the churches. I do not think that extreme preparedness will be the issue upon which any candidate for President can possibly win. There are pacifists by the million, actually, and they will count heavily against any scheme that passes mere prudence in provision for bellicose contingencies and approximates a semblance of militarism. The politicians must not forget that the people have observed war during the last eighteen months and while they may differ as to its causes or as to hopes of its outcome in Europe, they are agreed upon one thing, and that is that they don't want any of it here. Of course pacificism and lack of preparedness will not keep us out of war, but that is a detail. I only wish to assert that in my opinion the politicians, judging them by their actions and utterances, have no conception of the extent and intensity of the pacifist sentiment among our people. They don't like preparedness because it menaces democracy. So the wise party leaders will put the soft pedal on the big army and big navy fire-eaters. We shall have to get our preparedness by slow degrees and easy stages.

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We Bring Belligerents to Time

AGAIN the German Government shows that it is more in accord with our Government's contentions as to the law of warfare at sea than many of our most inflammatory pro-Germans. Germany accepts our law of the sea as to capture and destruction of merchant vessels in the Mediterranean. Austria speaks us fair as to our stand on the sinking of the *Ancona*. All these things are exactly what the overzealous pro-Teutons among us said the Central Powers could not and would not do. As I write, it is practically certain that Germany is to make concessions to our contentions with regard to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, though she may hold to her view that severe reprisals are justified in the North Sea against the starvation blockade. The case of the *Persia* is in suspense until it is learned whether the sinking and slaughter were done by a German, an Austrian or a Turkish vessel. It would seem, therefore, that the patience of our Government is justified by its outcome and that Germany itself refutes the contention of the ultra-Germans here that our attitude to her is hostile. The Administration comes through the series of crises with full honors. And now the time has come to lay down the law to Great Britain for her insistence upon the right to seize mail from this country and examine it and confiscate it. I think we can trust President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing to

make our protest effective. We need not fear that with an election coming on the protest will be innocent of Yankee spunk. Now is not the time when Great Britain can afford to deal with us cavalierly. She needs us more than we need her. A breaking off of relations between Great Britain and ourselves would do her and her allies infinitely more harm than a like action on our part would or could do to Germany or Austria. It ought to be easy to bring Great Britain to time on her violation of the mails and other matters, now that we have, so to speak, cleaned up with the Teutonic Powers.

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A Second Term

PRESIDENT WILSON wrote a letter in 1913 in which he said that he did not believe in a six-year term for the President. Such a term might be, in the case of a poor choice, too long; while a four-year-term, in case of a good choice, might well be too short. His party has said it favors a single term through Constitutional amendment. As a member of his party he is pledged to such principle. But the principle has not been incorporated in the Nation's organic law. The President and his party are not bound by any law to a single term. Moreover, the people have not shown any desire for such a law. Therefore, the President is entitled to another term, if his party sees fit to nominate him and the people see fit to elect him. He favors the one term principle, but he has never said he would not be again a candidate. He would leave the matter to the people at a primary. This is fine old Southern "strict constructionism," of course; but, honestly, if his party chooses to nominate President Wilson for another term there's only one way to rebuke the apparent inconsistency between Baltimore, 1912, and St. Louis, 1914, and that is for the country to defeat the nominee.

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Folk Comes Back

JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK made a splendid Democratic Governor of Missouri once upon a time. He displeased no element but the liquor element, and that he saved from Prohibition by his personal influence on the Legislature. There is talk of the Democrats nominating Folk for Governor again. And some of his old bitter enemies are not raging against him as they might have been expected to rage. But it's a desperate case, indeed, when the old-line Folkphobists contemplate with equanimity the bare possibility of his nomination. It only shows how afraid they are of the likelihood of Col. Fred Gardner's nomination on the land bank platform. Col. Gardner has not said he would not run. He has only said he would not go into a scramble for the nomination which might result in disaster to his pet project of enabling farmers to buy their own farms on State loans at long time and low interest. The farmers may not permit Col. Gardner to withdraw as a possibility. The Folk boom demonstrates the strength of the sentiment in favor of nominating someone not identified with the State machine. His record might save the party, but Fred Gardner's land bank scheme would certainly save it.

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A Boost for Woman Suffrage

A UNITED STATES Senate committee, by a big majority, reports in favor of woman suffrage. It is a big breach in the wall of political conservatism. There is nothing against woman suffrage but an unreasoning prejudice. Government bears on human beings. Women are human beings. They should participate in

government. If no man has a right to govern another without that other's consent, no man has a right so to govern women. If men govern women they must do so by force, by denial of woman's right as a human being. What women may do with the ballot is not the question. How a man votes is made no test of his right to vote. If voting is not a right but a privilege to be won by desert, then there is no question that women have won the privilege by intelligence, industry, energy, character. There's no stopping the woman suffrage movement. It will triumph. And when women vote there is no reason to believe they will only increase the ignorant vote. Where they do vote they vote as right as do the men. The woman suffrage States are at least as well governed as the man suffrage States. Woman makes good in letters, art, medicine, law, divinity, engineering, astronomy, every department of effort she has "invaded." She has made good in politics, even as an anti-suffragist. Women will vote in every State in the Union within ten years.

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Some Whys

THE *Post-Dispatch* clamors for a rigorous collection of personal taxes. That's a good way to drive wealth out of a community. Why not exempt all personal property from taxation? Might as well. It can be concealed or carried away. Why tax a man for what he makes by his own efforts? Why not levy all the tax upon what men now take of the wealth created by the community as a whole? Why not tax a man for what the community gives him, not for what he gives the community? It is unjust and absurd to fine a man for adding to the wealth of the world.

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Dark Horse Hadley

I OBSERVE that it is mostly Democrats who are against THE MIRROR suggestion of Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri for the Republican nomination for President. He is a strong possibility, even a probability, as the situation is now in his party. He will be stronger if the leaders don't draft Supreme Justice Hughes for the place. And maybe Hughes will turn out to be a myth long before the convention—I mean as to his strength.

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The Slump Hits the Movies

THE word is that "the spoken drama is on the blink." What is to become of the drama? What is to become of the huge investment in theater properties in all the big cities? Cut prices of admission have not saved the situation in New York. The ready reply is that the old theaters must be turned into movie palaces. But now comes the information from various quarters that there is a huge slump in the movies, houses going out of business everywhere. Only those seem to hold out that have particularly fortunate locations. The scenario writers are being told that there's nothing doing now. It is said that there will be a big falling off in film dividends. Possibly the movies have been overdone. Certain it is that optimism as to the future of the film business is dwindling. Indeed, pessimism is coming to the front. The people seem to be getting tired of the movies. The films are not furnishing the variety that was expected. They are growing monotonous as well as monochromatic. Some of the cinema magnates are beginning to worry over the prospects. A lot of investment in the business is beginning to look extremely precarious. Not much is said or printed about the movie houses that go out of business, but ignoring the slump does not stop it. No one seems to know what is the matter with the people.

Some say the cabaret is injuring both movie and play, but on the other hand we are told that cabarets are getting to be too expensive to justify their existence. The cost of entertainment goes up, but the amounts of the diners' checks do not increase in proportion. Cafe proprietors in New York have been consulting with a view to declaring a general holiday in cabaret expansion. They can't stand it. Every organization that gives a dinner has its own cabaret. This keeps people away from the restaurants, especially when the cabaret performers are all supplied from the same *entrepreneur*. Many people are beginning to look about for a place to dine without cabaret accompaniment. The purveyors of entertainment do not know where they are at. About the only things that really "go" are the bigger girl-shows and they have to be made stronger and stronger in flavor. I have not yet heard or seen or read any adequate explanation of the general fadeaway in the drama and the incipient slump in the movies, except that in the case of the latter they create an appetite for speed in action that they cannot satiate. Our imaginations demand more speed than they can get. The fastest things seem slow. Even such a tremendous thriller as "On Trial," a melodrama in which the movie method is strikingly applied to the spoken drama, a performance utterly unique and of continuous thrill, cannot fill a house here. Otis Skinner played "Cock o' the Walk," as only he can play it, at Philadelphia two weeks ago to a house of thirty-six dollars. Even Warfield can't pull 'em in as he used to, and he was supposed to be slump proof. With the film patronage declining, the favorite explanation of the decline in attendance upon the drama proper is gone. Is it possible that the public is simply too sophisticated to care for attempts at illusion on the stage, too cynical for sentiment and emotion, caring only for the sensual appeal and the irreverences of the girl shows? There may be something in that.

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A Convert

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

FROM Bathurst to St. Paul's Loanda: right up and down the coast; in every bight; upon the Oil Rivers; down Congo way: in all the missionary stations, in which the trembling heathen had endured his ministrations: in factory and port: by all the traders and chance travelers, no one was more detested than the Reverend Archibald Macrae. All that is hard and self-assertive in the Scottish character, in him seemed to be multiplied a hundred-fold. All that is kindly, old-world, and humorous: all that so often makes a Scot more easy to get on with than an Englishman, in the Reverend Archibald was quite left out. Dour and grey-headed, with a stubbly Newgate frill under his chin; dressed in black broadcloth, with a white helmet shadowing his dark-red, mottled face, a Bible and umbrella ever in his hand or tucked beneath his arm (he said himself he "aye liked oxtering about the Worrd o' God"), he stood confessed, fitted to bring a sword rather than peace to every one he met. Withal not a bad-hearted man, but tactless, disputatious, and as obstinate as a male mule. "I hae to preach the Worrd, baith in an' out o' season, and please the Lorrd I'll do so," was his constant saw.

From the earliest times, the tactless, honest, and aggressive missionary has been a thorn in the flesh of every one upon the coast of Africa. Consuls and traders, captains of men-of-war, all know and fear him, and most likely he has kept back the cause he labours for more than a hundred slave-raiders have done. They kill or enslave the body, but such as was the Reverend Archibald enslave and

kill the soul. His station, far up a river which flowed sluggishly through woods of dark, metallic-foliaged trees, was called Hope House. Sent out from Norway all in sections, it had been set up just on the edge of a lagoon from which at evening a thick white vapour rose. A mangrove swamp reached almost to the door, the situation having been chosen by the Reverend Archibald himself to thwart the heads of his society, who not unnaturally wished it should be "located" in a more healthy spot. Painted a staring white, with bright green shutters, none of which fitted the windows they were supposed to shield, without a garden or a patch of cultivated ground, Hope House stood out a challenge to the heathen either to come at once beneath the yoke of the Reverend Archibald and to embrace his demonology, or to entrench themselves more strongly in their befetished faith.

The Reverend Archibald lived what is called a virtuous life—that is, he did not drink, did not sell gin or arms upon the sly, and round about the precincts of Hope House no snuff and butter coloured children played. Hard, upright, and self-righteous, he stalked about as if cut out of Peterhead grey granite: a Christian milestone set up on the heathen way, with the inscription "That road leads to Hell." This he himself was quite aware of, and used to say, "Ye see I hae the Worrd o' God, and if the heathen dinna come to listen to it, they will all burn."

Still, disagreeable and wrong-headed as he was, the Reverend Archibald was in his way an honourable man. "Conviction," as he said a thousand times, "should follow reasonable argument." He himself having from his earliest youth argued upon every subject in the heaven above, the earth beneath, and on the water which may or may not be under the earth, was well equipped for battle with the comparatively lightly armed fetish-worshipper of the West Coast of Africa.

Seated in his black horsehair-covered chair, before his table with its legs stuck into broken bottles filled with paraffin to keep off the white ants, and with his Bible covered in shiny cloth before him, the Reverend Archibald passed his spare time looking up texts wherewith to pulverize such of the infidel as in his neighborhood had conscientiously resisted all his wiles and held by their old faith.

Often in reading over and again the minor prophets—so called, he would explain, "not on account of their less authenticity, but simply because of the greater brevity of their prophecies"—his Scottish mind was struck with the similarity of the scheme of life of which they treated and that of those with whom he lived. "Yon Zephaniah—he was a gatherer of sycamore fruit, ye ken—would ha' done powerfu' work amongst the heathen on the coast," he would exclaim, as he shut up his Bible with a bang and sat down quietly to read *Bogatzky's Golden Treasury*, and smoke his pipe. His library was limited to the aforesaid *Golden Treasury* of damnable texts, *Blair's Sermons*, and some books by Black, which he read doubtfully, perceiving well that they set out a picture of no life known to the world, but because the scenes were laid in what he called "N. B."

The frequent poring upon these treasures of the literary art, and ponderings upon the precepts of war to the knife with unbelievers, so faithfully set forth by the more ferocious writers in the Old Testament, together with his isolation from the world, had made him even narrower in mind than when he left his village in the East Neuk of Fife. His blunt outspokenness and bluff brutality of manner, on which he prided himself beyond measure, thinking, apparently, that those who save the soul must of necessity wound every feeling of the mind, had set a void between him and all the other Europeans on the coast.

The washed-out, gin-steeped white men of the Oil Rivers turned from him with an oath when he adjured them to become Good Templars; the traders from the interior, when they dropped down

the river in their steam launches or canoes, all gave Hope House the widest of wide berths, after the experience of one who, going to his station with his young wife from Europe, was asked if he had "put away yon Fanti gurr, that was yer sort o' concubine, ye ken." As for the natives who had come beneath his yoke, he treated them, as he thought, in a kindly way, after the fashion that in days gone by the clergy treated the laity in Scotland—that is, as people conquered by raiders from the Old Testament, making their lives a burden for the welfare of their souls. Still, being, as are most missionaries, possessed of medicines and goodwill to use them when his flock fell ill, he had some reputation amongst those who had no money to go out and pay a fetish doctor on the sly. Upon the spiritual side, he was not quite so far removed in sympathy from those to whom he ministered; his God was the mere counterpart of the negroes' devil, and both of them were to be conciliated in the same way, by sacrifice of what the worshipper held dear. But in his dealings with his flock the Reverend Archibald Macrae took no account of isothermal lines. For him, morality, not that he much insisted on it, holding that faith was more important, was a fixed quantity. The shifting and prismatic qualities of right and wrong, by him were seen identical, no matter if the spectrum used were that of Aberdeen or Ambrizette. Occasionally, therefore, he and his flock were at cross purposes, for to the flock it seemed an easy matter to give up their gods, but harder all at once to change the daily current of their lives.

Conviction, it is true, had followed upon reasonable, or at least upon reiterated "airgument"; but when the Reverend Archibald spoke of what he called "a nearer approximation to the moral code of the Old Book," his catechumens were apt to leave him and retire to the seclusion of the woods. Nothing contributed more to these backslidings than the vicinity of an unconverted chief known by the name of Monday Flatface, who had his "croom" five or six miles beyond Hope House, upon the river side. The chief lived his own life after the way his ancestors had lived before him, accepting gratefully from the Europeans their gin, their powder, and sized cotton cloths, but steadfastly rejecting all their contending faiths. All the exponents of the various sects had tried their hands on him without success. Priests from the neighbouring Portuguese settlements had done their best, flaunting the novel charms of purgatory before the simple negro's eyes, who up till then had known but heaven and hell. The Church of England, backed by the stamp of its connection with the governing powers, had tried its fortune on the chief, holding out hints of Government protection, but without effect. The Nonconformists too had had their turn, and sought by singing hymns and preaching to let in light upon the opinionated old idolater, and had all been foiled. Lastly, the Reverend Macrae, who bore the banner of the Presbyterians, had attacked in force, bringing to bear the whole artillery of North British metaphysics, dangling before the chieftain visions of a future when his children, brought into the fold, should be in spiritual touch with Aberdeen, be fed on porridge, and on Sawbath while away the afternoon in learning paraphrases and wrestling with the Shorter Catechism.

All had been in vain, and Monday Flatface, while taking all that he could get in medicines, cotton cloths, Dutch clocks, and large red cotton parasols, was still a heathen, a polygamist, some said a cannibal upon the sly, and regularly got drunk on palm-tree wine instead of buying gin after the fashion of his brethren who had come into the fold. But above all the rest, the chief was hateful to the missionary in his character of humorist. Naturally, those who leave their country to propagate their individual faith are serious men, and the Reverend Archibald was no exception to the rule. Your serious man has from the beginning of the world added enormously to human misery. Wars, battles, murders, and the majority of sudden deaths

are all his work. Crusades for holy sepulchres, with pilgrimages to saints' tombs, leagues and societies to prevent men living after the fashion they consider best, were all the handiwork of serious men. A dull, gold-dusted-over world it would have been by now, had not a wisely constituted all-seeing Providence, in general denied brains in sufficient ratio to energy, and allowed success invariably to wait on iteration. So when Chief Monday Flatface took the Reverend Archibald's exhortations to amend his present naughty life, forsake his fathers' gods, and straight dismiss the wives he had himself with care selected, choosing them fat but comely, and such as best anointed all their persons with palm oil, as a mere joke, the missionary's fury knew no bounds. Had he but tried to persecute, or stepped an atom beyond what the general sentiment of the European traders sanctioned, the way would have been plain. In the one case the dignity of persecution, hitherto withheld, would, like an aureole, have shone above his head, and in the other a complaint to the nearest British governor would have procured a gunboat to bombard the village of the chief. But nothing of the sort occurred, and the old chief persisted in still flourishing like a green mangrove tree, and stopping up his ears to all the arguments of the Reverend Archibald Macrae.

Often they met and talked the matter out in "Blackman English," eked out with Fanti and with Arabic, of which both polemists just knew sufficient to obscure their arguments upon their disagreeing faiths. Still, as not seldom happens in the case of well-matched enemies, a sort of odd respect, mingled with irritation, gradually grew up between the adversaries. Naturally, neither the chief nor yet the missionary advanced a step towards the conversion of the other infidel. Their simple, bloody creeds, softened in the one case by the increase of indifference which even in East Fife has modified the full relentlessness of the Mosaic dispensation, and on the other by the neighbourhood of European forts and factories, gave them a starting point in common on which they could agree. Each looked upon the other as a keen sportsman looks on some rare bird or beast which he hopes one day may fall before his gun, but which he wishes to escape from every other sportsman in the world except himself. Often the chief would ask the missionary to work a miracle to satisfy his doubts. Sorely the Reverend Archibald at times was tempted to display magnesium wire, or to develop photographs, in short to bag his game by pseudothaumaturgic art; but having the true sportsman's instinct, always refrained, entrenching himself safely behind his dictum that "conversion should ensue after a reasonable airgument." The chief, on his part, was quite ready to be baptized if he could see some evidence of the missionary's supernatural power; holding quite reasonably that "airgument" did not quite meet the case in questions of faith. Still he had promised that, if he should ever change his mind, none but the Reverend Archibald should admit him to the fold.

So on the rivers and the coast things jogged along in the accustomed way: steamers arrived and hung outside the bars, fleets of canoes came down from the remoter streams to trade, and in the open roadsteads lighters took the goods, and kroobys staggered through the surf, whilst objugating Scottish clerks, note-book in hand, counted the barrels and the bales. The sun loomed through a continual mist, and sheets of rain caused a white vapour to enshroud the trees, whose leaves seemed to distil a damp which entered to the bones. The traders strove with whisky and with gin to fight off fever and to pass the time, till they could make sufficient money to go home and rear their villas near their native towns.

Years passed, and up and down the coast, at factories and garrisons, upon the hulks and amongst travellers who, coming from the interior, stayed at Hope House, forced by necessity to ask for hospitality, a rumour made its way. Over their gin, or stretched out smoking in their hammocks during the long hot hours after the second breakfast,

traders and merchant skippers, Scotch clerks, and the occasional globe-trotters who waited for steamers in the various ports to take them home to write their ponderous tomes upon the countries they had seen as a swallow sees the land he passes over in his winter hegira, all agreed that a great change had come upon the Reverend Macrae. Not that his outward man had altered, for his beard still bristled like a scrubbing-brush; his face, with years and long exposure to the sun, had turned the colour of "jerked" beef; his clothes still hung upon him as rags hang upon a scarecrow in the fields, and still he faithfully "oxtered aboot the Worrd of God," although the book itself, originally given to him by his mother in East Fife, had grown more shiny and more greasy with the lapse of years. But certainly a change had come to the interior man. Occasionally, and almost as it were apologetically, he would quote texts from the New Testament, and in his steel-grey eye the gleam as of a gospel terrier was softened and subdued. Though he was still as ardent to convert the heathen as before, his methods were more human, and, to the amazement of every one upon the coast, he sometimes said, "Perhaps the patriarchs were whiles sort of a' rash in their bit methods wi' yon Canaanites."

The miserable converts saw the change with joy, and convert-like were quick to take advantage of it, and to revert by stealth to practices which, before, the Reverend Archibald would have instantly put down. They dared to appear on Sawbath at Hope House without the "stan' o' black" with which the Reverend Archibald had provided them. Only the women clung tenaciously to European dress, cherishing in special their red parasols; but holding them invariably turned from the sun, which beat upon their well-oiled faces, melting the palm oil and causing it to drop upon their clothes.

Traders and brother missionaries came by degrees to drop into Hope House to smoke and talk, and to endeavour to find out the reason of the change. But, as the Reverend Archibald never spoke about himself, their curiosity might have been fruitless, had not a brother worker on his journey home asked for an explanation, saying that, as he thought, "the Lord himself often worked changes in the heart of man for providential ends." Dressed in pyjamas of grey flannel, his feet stuck into carpet slippers, and seated in a hammock which he kept swinging with his toes, the Reverend Archibald, after thrice snitting in contemplative fashion on the floor, and after having killed a mosquito on his forehead with a bang, looked round and started on his tale.

"Ye see," he said, "ma freends, as the Arabs say, we are a' in His hands. That which has been the pride of a man's life—in my case it was airgument—may prove at last to be a stumbling-block, for we are all as worms in His hand. Airgument, airgument, a weel discussed and reasonable airgument, was ave ma pride. By it, I thoct to do a mighty work before the Lorrde. But He, nae doot for reasons of His ain, has made me see the error of my ways, that is, has shown me that there are things man's reason canna touch."

He paused and wiped the sweat from off his brow, spat thoughtfully, sighed once or twice, and having asked his friends if they would take Kops' ale or ginger beer, resumed his parable.

"Ye mind old Monday Flatface? Many's the crack on speeritual matters we have had, the chief and I, in days gone by. Sort o' tough in opinions the chief, a weary body for a man to tackle, and one I honed wi' the Lord's grace to bring into the fold. Ave, ave, ve needna' laugh, I ha'ena pit ma raddle on him, as ye a' know, yet. May be though, mon, ae keel-mark would do us baith. Weel, weel, the chief and I had bargained that if he got grace I should baptize him: a bonny burdie he would hae lookit at the font wi' his sax wives. Polygamy, ye ken, has its advantages, for I would have convertit a' the seven at once. One evening I was just got through wit' catechising some of the younger flock, when doon the river cam an awfu' rout o' drums, tom-toms, ye ken, and horns a' routing,

and the chief's war-canoe tied up opposite the house. The chief came out, an' I was thinkin' of some text to greet him wi', airgument, ye ken . . . I think I tellt ye . . . when I saw at once that there was something wrong. He lookit awfu' gash, and wi'oot a worrd, he says 'Big wife she ill, think she go die, you pray piece for her, and if she live, you pour the water on my head.' I told him that was no the way at all we Christians did things, but I would come and see his wife and bring some medicine and try what I could do. A' the way up the river the drums went on, man, it fair deaved me, and when we reached the 'croom,' in a' my twenty years' experience of the coast, I ne'er saw sic a sight. Baith men and women were a' sounding horns, blowing their whistles, and shaking calabashes full of peas. The ground was red wi' blood, for the misguided creatures had sacrificed sheep, poultry, and calves: an awfu' waste o' bestial, ye ken, forby sae insanitary, and as ye say, not of the slightest use. At the chief's hut the wives and children made an awfu' din, roarin' and gashin' themselves wi' knives, just like the priests of Baal in the Old Testament. Right in the middle of the floor lay the 'big wife' insensible, and as I judged, in the last stage of a malignant fever. The chief, holdin' me by the arm, says, 'Save her, pray to your God for her, and if she lives I will believe.'

"Humanity, humanity, shame to me as a Christian, that I say it, but 'tis just the same, no matter if the skin is white or black. We a' just pray when we are wantin' onything, and when we've got it, dinna thank the granter o' the prayer."

"I pusht through the folk, and felt the woman's pulse, and syne, prisin' her mouth open a bit wi' a jack-knife, I gied her some quinine. Then I knelt doon and wrestled in prayer wi' a' ma heart, for the tears just rolled off the old chief's face. Sair I besought the Lord to show His power, if He thought fit to do so; but prayer, ye ken, is often answered indirectly, and as the night wore on the chief aye askit me, 'Will your God heed you?' and the woman aye got worse. An awfu' position for a minister of God to be placed in, as ye may understand. Syne Flatface roused himself, and saying, 'I will call then on my God and sacrifice to him after the manner of my fathers,' stotted outside the house. The drums and whistles and the horns raised a maist deafening din, and in the hut the smell of perspiration and palm oil was sort o' seekenin'. After a spell o' prayer the chief came in, sweatin' and ashy grey, his hand bound up and carrying a finger which he had chappit off upon the altar of his gods. It garred me skunner when he laid it on the sick woman's breast, and once again I sunk upon my knees, prayin' the Lord to hear the heathen's prayer. Ye ken, mon, his faith in his false gods was just prodeegious, and I felt that a stanch Christian had been lost in the old man. Long did I wrestle, till aboot the dawn, but got nae answer, that is directly, and the woman aye got worse. Just as the day was breaking, and the false dawn appearing in the sky, the chief said, 'I will pray again, and once more sacrifice.' When he came in he stottered in his gait and laid another finger beside the other on his wife. Ma heart just yearned to him, and I yokit prayin' as if I had been askin' for my ain soul's grace, and syne our prayers were heard."

As he talked on, the night had worn away, the frogs ceased croaking, and the white tropic mist which comes before the dawn had drifted to the house and shrouded all the verandah in its ghostly folds. Long shivers of the tide crept up the river, oily and supernatural-looking, and little waves lapped on the muddy banks, making small landslips fall into the flood with an unearthly sound. The listeners shivered over their temperance drinks, and once again the Reverend Archibald began.

"Maist like she had the turn; it might have been the effect of the quinine, or of the prayers, or it may be the Lord had looked in approbation on the sacrifice. I canna say, but from that time the

woman mended, and in a week was well. Ah . . . Flatface, weel no, he's still a heathen, though we are friends, and whiles I think his God and mine are no so far apart as I aince thocht."

He ceased, and from the woods and swamps rose the faint noise of the coming day, drops fell from the iron roof upon the planks of the verandah with a dull splashing sound; the listeners, shaking the missionary by the hand, dispersed, and he, looking out through the mist, was comforted by the confession of weakness and the relation of his doubts.

From an Old Farmhouse

ON THE STEARIC ART

LIFE is not all beer and skitters. The very week an Illinois subscriber blew up with a faint detonation and asked W. M. R. to drop him off the list because there was too much literature and poetry in the MIRROR, I got a letter containing a jovial sneer at my book-reviews here of late, cheerfully admitting that I was an adept at the "oleaginous" and a fair handler "of the stearic art." The fellow could not have hurt my feelings worse if he had written in to the editor demanding my removal for that I was a sourbelly and a vinegar tongue. To call my artistic beliefs suetty and my manner of expressing myself oily is simply to make my innards rankle like rotten milk or, in other words, to take the bloom off the rose of my soul. And I cannot get back at my correspondent, as W. M. R. got back at the exploded subscriber, by declaring his mind a "howling wilderness" for I know very well that Hank Mencken's mind is a very good sort of mind indeed, and one that it is a great pleasure to me for him to have.

I had hoped that my modest attempts at book-reviewing—a vice I have but lately taken up—had clung pretty well to the traditional line of the true mean; that is, that on the one hand I had never heaved the brick of a general disdain, nor on the other hand—or rather, in the other hand—had I a supply of 3-in-1, Daggett and Ramsdell's and butterfat for massaging purposes, but that like an upright man I had cursed the very devil out of the author who wrote stuff I didn't agree with and praised to the skies the author I did agree with.

Now that I find I am not regarded as sincere but quite the opposite, a veritable peddler of the *cere*, or wax, I have a notion to turn sour for good (that is, for a good long time) and praise no man for his mind-sweat, his hopes, his beliefs, his loves and his fabrications of beauty, irony, terror or wit. And still I don't see why it is not better to praise good books than to damn bad ones. Damn, ladies, is here a verb.

Editors and publishers consider their space valuable, even if no one else does; or, to put it more bluntly, even if a certain person over in Illinois does not. Valuable space can be more nearly kept up to its true value by passing along therein a good word for good work than it can be by passing along a bad word for bad work. Unless, of course, the public insists upon calling a bad work good; then it is necessary for editor, or critic or book-reviewer to pick the public up off the floor, wipe its hands clean of the dirt and set it back in its high chair.

As a rule, however, I take it the reviewer wants to save valuable space for his employer, so he automatically rejects in his own mind the mention of bad work and confines his printed lucubrations to something that has some good about it, so that on the whole, perhaps the whole trade of book-reviewing can really be called in the words of my correspondent, a "stearic art"—that is, presuming the trade can become an art, as it certainly does at the hands of J. B. Kerfoot, of *Life*, for instance. Yes, Charles Lamb, it could also be called the steeric art.

The great objection to this optimistic urge will readily occur to the reader, however, especially to the reader who reads book reviews in the newspapers; that is, that the general tendency all over the coun-

try to "hoin in the hovial hamboree," as the Gringo said in Mexico, makes all encouragement and good words meaningless. There must be at least two thousand people in the country reviewing books for the newspapers, and they are certainly optimistic to what I should call a most obtuse degree. Probably a thousand of them are women, and women who are pretty apt to consider themselves smart, give themselves airs, wear lorgnettes hanging against their bellies and bring into the world of literature all those shadowy spasms of snap feminine judgment which spook it about on "literary pages" and razzledazzle the goggle-eyed beholder into thinking they really mean something. Others are young reporters who blush when they admit that "they like to look through the books" that come cluttering into every newspaper office. Others are old men, utterly cynical and weary to death of life and God, enthusiasm, push and the yip-yip of terrier Youth. All of these write optimistically as a matter of course.

The women because they know nothing and are afraid. They are afraid of the vague masculine forces of the world around them, afraid of such dim things as publishers' advertising accounts, afraid of the big names, afraid people won't think they *know*. Once in a great while, on a distinctive paper, you meet up with the other kind of woman, the old, broad gauge warhorse, the sort that makes you pull yourself right up on your toes, sweep off your hat and want to hug her all in the same second.

The young reporters because they haven't time. Here is a case that is no exaggeration: I used to report for duty on a morning paper at two o'clock in the afternoon. My managing editor would say to me: "You won't have anything to do until about four o'clock, I wish you would go into the library and clean up that stack of new books in there. We simply have got to notice this stuff. Make up a Sunday page." I would go in and find some twenty or thirty books, novels, religious books, books of travel, philosophy, architecture, poetry, music—all to be cleaned up. If I picked up a novel I did not have time to get interested in it. I had no time even to find out if it was a bad bit of work. All this stuff got vague praise next Sunday, "interesting," "thrilling," "authoritative," "revolutionary" . . . whatever appropriate adjective would spoon out a little sugar. It takes no time to warble a meaningless compliment; it does take time to hunt out faults. Many publishers insert a ready made review for the reviewer's convenience. It is a handy little piece of paper, with printing on only one side of it, and the other side left blank for the daub of the ready paste brush, by which slippery method it shoots the chutes straight into the Sunday literary page. It gives the soul-rousing information that Alonzo Tosh's new novel "Amabadilla Sooky" is the most gonzolas aggregation of fictive goshamightly since Balzac; and the reporter feeds it along and the whole reading world in that vicinity is cheered. This is the stearic art with a vengeance. I think Frank Norris has somewhere pointed out the baleful influence of the cheer-oh school of rushed reporters upon the budding novelist. Undoubtedly the budder takes all this sheep-dip seriously, files it away in his scrapbook and reads himself nightly into jimjams over the nation's estimate of his work. Then his life is wrecked when after all this praise the publisher's check for forty-two cents drops on his head and mashes his pompadour clean down into his homoplates.

The old reviewer perhaps runs the exchange desk or did run it before he got too feeble for that job and was put at the books. He has false teeth, a meagre salary and hates the very notion of Jesus Christ and human sympathy. You would think he would be just the boy to pan the daylights out of a book; but, no. He gives it an optimistic send-off because the whole world is a joke, writers are huge jokes and the suckers who spend money for books are the biggest jokes of all. If an American Charles

Dickens were to spring up in volume form right under his pickled nose he would never find him out and moreover he wouldn't give a hoot if he never heard of him later. But he's a steerer of the stearic just the same.

Some people maintain that all this wahoo and hurrah style of criticism has a bad influence. *Sed alius aliud dicit.* There is nothing so warming in humanity as cheer bestowed justly where it is overdue and hence all the more welcome. Better that some surplus optimism should be tossed around than that a man, say, like Poe should go through life with the heart of a coyote. In those days certainly there was no extra stearic sticking around. The precise mandibles of a rodent New England coterie saw to it that all the wax was nibbled off of everything south of Hartford, though there was a fat vat of cocoabutter in the town square of Concord, Mass., and a pan-Sanhedrim of reciprocating masseurs to soap it all over each other. Thus it occurred that Ralph Waldo Emerson originated the phrase, "the whole smear."

If criticism is to be that thing M. Thibaut says it is, and has anything to do with the adventures of a man's soul amongst masterpieces, it seems to me, ladies and gentlemen, that a man ought to pick out a pretty good sort of soul as part of his traveler's kit. I don't say he should have a noble soul, because there is something of the mutt about a man who deliberately goes straining after an equipment of nobility; but he should have a motherly soul, that is, a soul capable of forgiving childish errors, and coupled with such a soul he should have a Keen Kutter mind, if he can get at one, a mind at least that knows flubdub from real meat.

And so I turn to Michael Monahan, who, to my seeming, has such a soul and such a mind. Perhaps it was of Monahan I wanted to speak at first, only Mencken's terrible appreciation of my goosegreasiness upset me, made me want to figure out my *raison d'être*, my *pourparler* and also my *pourquoi* along with that of the rest of the tribe of indolent reviewers. A book of Michael Monahan's has just come to me . . . "Adventures in Life and Letters." I understand it is an old book in the sense that it was not printed yesterday afternoon, and perhaps MIRROR readers already know it. If you don't, and care for a medley of charming verse, essays, critiques, studies, appreciations, even fictions, allow me to recommend it to you as the fine work of a man who has kept a clear eye and a really gentle soul through some fifty years of Irish experience on this earth. He is very human for a man of letters. He has raised children—which looks to me like a miraculous success just now—and I presume he has raised hell, too, being Irish; but he has also cropped off some frank, some roguish, some keen, some terrible truths about life and has written them down in a fashion as delightful to read as it must have been delightful to him to write. He is a writer's writer in the sense that his background is thoroughly literary, but he has that something, too, which the public enjoys. I liked best in this volume his thoughts on turning the age of forty: his visit to Poe's cottage at Fordham; his study of himself as an Old Boy and of his son Bill as a young boy; and his essay on Death and the Doctor. But there is plenty of good stuff for all, whatever your taste, in the volume.

One thing I cannot understand is a remark made by the New York *Sun* about Monahan's work. Says the *Sun*: "An Irishman whose English puts to shame many an author born without the brogue." The *Sun*, I realize, has never been able to set up any claim to literary authority, or even to literary common-sense, and does well in the main to write up the plots of current novels in what is considered the *Sun's* witty way; but in this particular case some *Sun* man has evidently outdone the old *Sun* tradition for humor and has turned out a looloo-pookookoo. Why should an Irishman speaking with a brogue be unable to write excellent English? What has the brogue to do with a writing style? As a

matter of fact are not most of the incisive writers of English to-day all Irishmen and aren't the Englishmen the champions of dullness in prose style? Doesn't it take an Englishman like Wells or Bennett fifteen thousand words to lay out a thought and can't George Moore or Bernard Shaw do it in a paragraph? Why does the *Sun* or any other non-thinking organization take it for granted that an Irishman speaks with a brogue, when we come right down to the brogue business and let writing alone for a minute? There are plenty of Irishmen of my acquaintance who speak with a neatness, cleanness, rapidity and decision that no Englishman, with his nose stuffed full of adenoids, and his mind stuffed full of anacoluthons, can attempt. If I had nothing but the *Sun's* remark to help me in analyzing Monahan's beautiful work, I should say: "Well, he is an Irishman, he speaks with a brogue, he comes from a community of blundering users of imperfect English, and by a miracle he has learned the language well enough to put to shame many Englishmen."

But I mustn't get fussy; I'm on the stearic for good, I mustn't allow my angry passions to get the better of my tank of glucose. My watchword, keynote and desk-motto is "Optimism" . . . and I need every darn bit of it. I have seventy hens, not a one of them is laying, scratch feed is up to two cents a pound, and eggs are sixty cents a dozen.

A Dry Masquerade

By Widden Graham

STATEMENTS recently given publicity in the daily newspapers show that a widespread movement is being carried on by the so-called "Temperance" forces for the purpose of inducing manufacturers to employ only workers who drink no alcoholic beverages. At first this movement was confined to the railway systems of the country, for which the prime consideration of the public safety justified the policy of refusing to employ men whose drinking habits were known. Lately the example of the railroads has been followed by a large number of manufacturers, chiefly in the iron and steel industries, and an imposing list of prominent concerns which have adopted the "no drinking" rule has been given out to the press.

The ostensible motives behind the action of these employers is a desire to promote the welfare of their workmen, and to increase their efficiency. With these motives there can be no quarrel. If a manufacturer thinks it his duty to prevent his employees from drinking, or that by employing only total abstainers he can get more efficient workers, that is his privilege. In either case it is a question between employer and employee.

There is, however, every reason to believe that this sudden manifestation of interest in the welfare of their employees is not wholly disinterested on the part of the employers, and that there is a phase of the question that concerns the general public as well as the manufacturers and workers. In recent years organized labor has been gradually extending and strengthening its influence, for the purpose of securing certain definite reforms in the interest of the workers as a whole. Among its demands are shorter hours, higher wages, recognition of trade unions, the abolition of child labor, better housing conditions, etc. This program for social welfare has gained general acceptance, and is shaping State and National legislation.

It is not a mere coincidence that many of the manufacturers who insist that their employees shall not drink, have been active in opposition to organized labor. Many of them refuse to recognize labor unions. Others have fought against the eight-hour day. By probably none of them have wages been increased sufficiently during the past ten years to keep pace with the great increase in the cost of living. It is, therefore, pretty clear that it is

not philanthropy, but self interest, that prompts their anti-drinking campaign. If giving up the habit of drinking an occasional glass of beer or wine will make the workers more efficient, this means a greater output and bigger profits for the manufacturer. But not one of the employers who have taken a stand against drinking, has said anything about dividing these additional profits with his employees.

Here, then, is the secret of this new movement. The workers are demanding shorter hours and better wages. In reply the employers say: "Stop drinking, save the 10 or 20 cents you now spend daily for beer, and you won't need higher wages. If you don't drink, you will be more efficient, you can work harder and longer, and need not worry about the eight-hour day." And as they figure on the greater output of the "temperate" worker, they chuckle "Great is the gospel of efficiency, and we are its prophets."

If this is what the anti-drinking movement among employers really means it is certain to fail of its purpose. In the first place it is not true of the workers of the country as a whole that they are given to excessive drinking. Many of them do not drink liquors at all. A very large percentage of them drink in such moderation that their health and working capacity are not affected; and only a small minority drink to excess. The attempt to put the blame for unfavorable labor conditions on the drinking habits of the workers has no foundation in fact.

The manufacturers who are demanding that their employees become total abstainers are sadly mistaken if they believe for a moment that the movement for fairer and juster relations between employer and employee can be checked by raising the "temperance" issue. The workers know that their plans for social betterment will be long delayed, if not made impossible of achievement, if the people can be convinced that liquor is the cause of all social ills. They know that giving up drinking will not bring about shorter hours, higher wages, or any of the other reforms for which they are striving. And they will resent the attempt to divert public attention from the need for social reforms by the pretense that excessive drinking is responsible for the condition of labor.

The attitude consistently taken by organized labor in regard to the use of intoxicants is that the matter is one of personal tastes and habits, with which it does not presume to meddle. The leaders of organized labor are temperate men and they condemn the abuses arising from intemperance, which they believe are largely due to too long hours, low standards of living resulting from low wages, and lack of opportunities for social recreation. They are convinced that with the establishment of better living conditions for the workers, drinking to excess, and the ills that flow from it, would practically disappear.

One certain result of the manufacturers' attempt to dictate to their employees as to the use of liquors will be the promotion of deceit and hypocrisy. A workman who has been accustomed to take a glass of beer or wine will not be likely to give up his job rather than submit to what he considers impudent meddling with his private affairs. He will continue to drink, even though he must drink in secret, and we may expect a crop of spies and private detectives who will be employed to watch all employees after work hours.

The privileged interests have in their pay certain pseudo-reformers whose task it is to divert popular attention from the fundamental wrongs of our social system, to mere surface result of those evils. If they can succeed in side-tracking the movement to give the workers of the country a juster share of the wealth they produce by raising the false issues of "efficiency" or "temperance," just so long will they delay the coming of real and lasting social reform.

Letters From the People

Box Office Etiquette

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I was much interested in the letter of your correspondent "Eli of Yale" in your last issue, in which he wrote about what he "had been told" about a transaction at the Olympic box office. Being a box-office man myself and having dealt with hundreds of thousands of the public, I feel that an unjust impression may have been created by your correspondent. I am sure that if the public might appoint a representative to be present in any busy box-office for eight consecutive hours on any day, and he would write truthfully and without bias everything that occurred, the relations of the box-office and the public would be better understood, and there would be more consideration for the box-office man than there is at present. Everyone seems to hate a box-office man even before they see him, and they show contempt and sometimes hatred in their faces when they approach the window, demanding what they want in tones they would not use to the servants in their homes. All the stories you hear about box-offices recount only what the box-office man said; nothing about the provocation they may have offered him. It must be remembered that the box-office man is human, and quite frequently he has a standing in the community equal to those whom he serves. He is a servant, perhaps to his management, but he is not a servant to the public, as the theater is a private institution operated by private capital. He is entitled to the same courteous treatment in his business as he is in his daily life, and he is just as sure to respond to courteous treatment as he is entitled to resent the discourteous abuse he often undeservedly receives.

If the MIRROR will appoint a representative to spend a day with me, and your paper will print what he will write, and he must tell the truth, I am sure it can be arranged and I know it will open the eyes of a great many who don't know even one-half the story.

A BOX-OFFICE MAN.

How to Write for Newspapers

Mexico, Mo., January 6, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have been told that I possess abilities which indicate a likelihood of my success if I should engage in newspaper work. Can you tell me anything I could read which would give me a thorough working knowledge of the business of newspaper reporting and general writing.

L. B. D.

(The best publication upon the subject indicated in L. B. D.'s inquiry is "The Newspaper Worker" by Mr. James McCarthy, published by the Press Guild, New York. Mr. McCarthy is a New York newspaper man of long and wide experience, the author, too, of a fine historical study of the under-dog, "Dennis Hathnaught." This book contains in its twenty-one chapters about everything which the editor of the MIRROR can imagine as being worth knowing by a young man going into the reporters' room. Of course, it can-

not give a reader brains or judgment, but it gives all the information upon which a person of brains and judgment can build up a success in practical journalism. It contains a discussion of the different kinds of news and gives an insight into what it is that makes news. Social reporting, games and sports, crowds and panics, storms and other weather phenomena, and how they are to be dealt with, are among the chapters of particular interest. Mr. McCarthy lays down no cast-iron rules. He deals in generalities illuminated by special instances. He tells all about the writing of headlines, explains the technicalities of the composing room, typesetting, punctuation, type varieties and indeed everything down to type-lice. He has a singularly lucid chapter on proof-reading, as well as common sense disquisitions upon grammar and the forms of rhetoric. There is an excellent chapter pointing out common errors in the use of words. There is a chapter on the writing and editing of

stories which is singularly comprehensive. The book is intensely interesting and very often amusing. The very spirit of the newspaper business is conveyed in its pages. If a young man, after reading Mr. McCarthy's "The Newspaper Worker" cannot "make a go of it" in journalism, it is because the most high gods must have cut him out for something better—or worse.

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Shamelessness Rampant

New York, January 10, 1915.

Editor Reedy's Mirror:

The recent and most lamentable restriction of the activities of Mr. Anthony Comstock is the greatest blow that America has ever suffered—since its discovery. A Washington or a Lincoln we can replace off-hand by a Daniels or a Bryan; it is much to be feared that no man can adequately fill the gap left by the decease of the Censor of Morals.

The proof of this is unfortunately

too evident. Already New York is in the grip of open and shameless pornography. We have seen with our own eyes in a shop window on Fifth avenue itself, a statue of revolting obscenity, publicly exposed for sale. It is, of course, out of the question to reproduce this dreadful object in the pages of a magazine; but a copy has been acquired and is in the strong-room of our bank. It may be inspected by any suitably attested father-of-a-family, of not less than eighty years of age, who comes to us properly provided with introductions from three ministers of any respectable religion. Some of our readers who have visited Paris may know this so-called statue by repute. It is the "Winged Victory." A few words of description should suffice to sting the righteousness of the American people to stern action and vigorous retribution. Every copy of this abomination must be destroyed, and every person found in possession of it, or who can be proved to have seen it, or reasonably suspect-

Our Great Annual Sale of Kid Gloves Will Begin Here Friday Jan. 14th

More Than 4000 Pairs of Men's, Women's and Children's Sample Gloves—the Best Known Make in America—Will Be Offered

At About Half Price

This sale of Men's, Women's and Children's high-grade Sample Gloves will be, we believe, the largest and most important Glove sale ever held in St. Louis.

In all there are about 4000 pairs—a manufacturer's entire sample line, which we have again been so fortunate as to secure for our patrons.

We agreed not to use the manufacturer's name in this advertisement, but you will recognize them immediately as the best known and one of the highest grades on the market.

"It's a, That's All You Need to Know About a Glove"

The Women's Gloves in this lot range in size from 5¾ to 7, while the Men's Gloves range from 7¼ to 8½, inclusive. In nearly every case we have from 10 to 15 pairs of a size in each kind, and all go at savings that average half.

This sale is sure to break all records, as we are confident that there are hundreds of men and women in this city who will be quick to take advantage of this sensational sale to provide not only for their present needs, but for future needs as well.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of this great Glove event, and let us urge that you be here early Friday morning, in order to make sure of securing your size in whatever style of glove you prefer.

For Women and Children

Women's Sample \$1.25 and \$1.50 Gloves for 85c
Women's Sample \$2.00 and \$2.25 Gloves for \$1.15
Women's 16-button-length \$3.50 Gloves for \$1.45
Children's Sample \$1.25 and \$1.50 Gloves for 85c

Sample Gloves for the Men

Men's Sample \$1.50 Gloves for \$1.15
Men's Sample \$1.75 to \$2.25 Gloves for \$1.35
Men's Unlined Auto Gauntlets at Less Than Cost to Make.

Special Aisle Tables, First Floor.

Established in 1850



Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

OLIVE and LOCUST from NINTH to TENTH

The Best Goods for the Price no Matter What the Price

ed of having seen it, must go to the electric chair.

In the first place, the statue (the alleged statue, rather) is headless. This signifies the denial of reason, intelligence and all the nobler qualities of man; it degrades him to the level of the lowest animalcules, who have no organs but those of digestion and reproduction. And this is called "Victory!" Indeed, it is the triumph of the flesh over the spirit.

In the second place, the statue is partially draped. Students of psychology do not need to be told that the effect is even more degrading than in the case of nude "art." The right knee is quite distinctly indicated, and the breasts are those of a female. So much is lamentably certain.

Thirdly, more horrible still, the wings are left entirely without covering. The very features are plainly marked.

Fourthly, the statue (sic!) is represented in the act of walking. It is therefore evidently intended to suggest a street-walker. And from the fact that it was (we are informed) originally set up on the bow of a ship, we may deduce that she belonged to that lowest class of unfortunates who haunt the docks.

Do the citizens of this great stronghold of virtue intend to remain supine in the face of this outrage upon their proper feelings?

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
PROH PUDOR.

Light From Philadelphia

Philadelphia, January 10, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

What you say about the *Republic*, the *New York Times*, and Mr. Knapp was timelier, as things fell out, than you could know in making up that January 7 MIRROR. But there is one suggestion that might put folks off the track. You speak of the Ochs acquiring the *Philadelphia Times*, and the *Ledger*.

It's true they bought the *Ledger* some years ago, and published it—George W. Ochs acting as general manager. A bad hash he made of things, and poor Adolph, or William C. Reick, while associated with Adolph and before acquiring the *New York Sun*, was continually having to run over to Philadelphia to cheer George up, and straighten him out. George Ochs is one of the most impossible men in Eastern journalism, yet not a bad-meaning man. I've worked for him!

Also it's true that at one stage the Ochs announced that they had bought the *Times* of Philadelphia, at that time running away behind financially. Philadelphia newspaper owners did not want to see its Associated Press membership falling into the hands of someone who might renew the youth of the *Times*—for when that paper was run by old Col. A. K. McClure it was, for a time at least, a rather lively paper. And Philadelphia is supposed to be overstocked with newspapers, though they are bum enough. So, according to local gossip, the newspapers arranged among themselves that the *Times*, when put up

for sale, should be quietly and humanely chloroformed. I fancy the *Ledger* put up more cash than the other newspapers; anyhow, they advertised that they had bought the *Times*, and for a short time they ran their title as *Public Ledger and Philadelphia Times*—the latter in smaller letters. Then they dropped the *Times* out of their title entirely.

You see, the Ochs never really had but one paper in Philadelphia. And now they have none at all—for the *Ledger* was sold to Cy Curtis, the State-of-Maine boss of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Country Gentleman*. When Cy with some co-operation from a banking-friend, John Gribbel (who collects Burns MSS. and first editions by way of proving his gentility) bought in the *Ledger*, gossips said Cy hoped to succeed Boies Penrose as U. S. Senator. Probably they were wrong.

George Ochs held on until almost a year ago, in spite of the change of ownership. But he knew his days were numbered and that he lingered because he was protected by contract. Brother Adolph is now caring for him on the *Times'* "Mid-Week Pictorial."

Now in Progress at Famous-Barr Co.—the

January Clearing Sale

The Annual Dispersal of Fall & Winter stocks holds much of interest to every St. Louisan. Every section of this mammoth institution is participating in this determined & aggressive clearing campaign. Seasonable wearables, yard goods, things for the home, all of the best standard brands; goods that bear our highest endorsement are offered in this clearaway at less than their actual cost to produce in many instances.

It is a strict rule, which has long been established by this store, not to carry goods over from one season to another, & to live up to this rule to the letter, we have clipped the prices closely in order to make the clearance complete. Your savings are only to be measured by your needs. Be sure to take full advantage of these golden buying chances. Watch our announcements in the daily papers for details.

Famous-Barr Co.

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.

We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise. Few Restricted Articles Are Excepted.

In the "Old Farmhouse" essay this last week the lines,

Thou mindest me of gentle folks—

Old gentle folks are they—

Thou sayest an undisputed thing

In such a solemn way, are quoted, and inferentially ascribed to a certain Professor Fred Pattee. Surely the omniverous reader who writes from a Farmhouse must know Dr. Holmes and his lines "To a Katydid?"

WM. PENN SCRAPPLE.

An Issue of Fact

Chicago, January 8, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I notice a letter written to you by Eli of Yale, headed "The Warfield Engagement," in which the statement is made that a lady who attended the show at the Olympic last week (as letter is dated January 3rd the week referred to would be Holiday week) had stated that the house was well filled; that she did not see a vacant seat. I was there the evening of the first (New Year's) and obtained seats in the first row of the balcony at 7 o'clock that evening. There was a very poor house. The entire crowd in the balcony would not fill

Telephone Forest 7310.

ALICE MARTIN COURS DE DANSE

STUDIO BLDG., Taylor and Olive
Member New York Society Teachers of Dancing; Member American Society Professors of Dancing, New York City; Graduate Chalf Normal School of Dancing, New York City; Delegate Congress of Dancing Teachers, New York City, 1913, 1914, 1915. Winner of First Prize International Dance Contest, Paris, 1913. Member L'Academie Mondaine de la Danse, Paris, France.

Schoen's Musical Art Building Both Phones Violin Studio

three rows. A friend of mine had been to see the show earlier in the week and told me the attendance was very slim. It is probable the lady went New Year's Eve, when the desire for killing time until midnight was the cause of most of the theaters being filled.

I was also at the Olympic the week previous, when the opera company was there. The crowd was very small, and from remarks of those around me who had seen other performances during the

week, it was about on a parity with other nights.

This is not intended as a knock, but I believe you have struck the right key in trying to wake up those who are interested in St. Louis, the theatrical people being, as you say, the greatest boosters or knockers, as the case may be.

McC.

The West's Awake

Saskatoon, January 3, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You say a Workmen's Compensation Act would not be revolutionary: you claim that to tax land values only would not produce anarchy. That your argument is sound is clearly shown by conditions in Western Canada. That many arguments in favor of these reforms are also unsound is just as clearly shown by the experience of the "newest West."

In Western Canada the Workmen's Compensation Act provides set amounts, from \$100 to \$2000, for injury to any person hurt at their work, for factory or contractor. Contributory negligence on the part of the workman cannot be argued. Small repair work by house-owners, farmers and others, does not come under this act. Contractors and factory or workshop owners insure themselves against this loss, but action for recovery is against the employer by the employee; the employer must fight for his from the insurance company if the latter puts up a technical or other plea. Copy of this act may be had from the Provincial Secretary, Regina, for twenty-five cents.

And in all Western Canada, in rural districts, only the land is taxed; buildings, stock, personal effects, etc., are free, though listed for census purposes. This works well in farming communities, but has serious fault in cities—removal of the tax on buildings produced over-expansion of building with its consequent vacancy, and contributed greatly to the depression following the boom.

These reforms have neither brought all the evils, nor produced all the benefits, that are argued against, or for them. They are not ultimate remedies; there are no ultimate remedies—thank God.

GEORGE R. BELTON.

A New Market for Testimonials

Brooklyn, Jan. 4, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Rockefeller is at last in the patent medicine business. It is estimated that \$100,000,000 a year is spent for patent medicines in this country. That was more money than Jawn D. could stand to see getting away from him with equanimity, so the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, one of the hyphenated bits into which the old Standard Oil serpent was chopped up, is now putting on the market through one of the greatest advertising campaigns of recent years, so it is alleged, Nujol, Jawn Dee's new remedy for constipation and that full feeling.

Strange to say, too, the new nostrum starts out with the endorsement of Dr. Wiley, of the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Health. Wonder how they managed that? It has been understood that

Doc Wiley was agin all patent medical dope, nostrums, etc., whatsoever.

This is not an advertisement.

BRUCE CALVERT.

The Immaculate Conception

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

St. George, Bermuda, Dec. 15, 1915.

Let me give you the true "dope," theologically, on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which has been discussed in your paper by yourself, Casper S. Yost and others in relation to your spook, Patience Worth's, replies to questions about that mystery. You, yourself, Mr. Editor, put it too strong when you said the Virgin Mary "had to be conceived without sin" to save the Son of God from the taint of original sin. The Old Church draws it finer. Perpend!

It was not necessary that the Blessed Virgin should have been exempt from original sin, but merely fitting, becoming—*ex decetia* is the Latin term used.

Original sin is merely the absence of sanctifying grace.

God created Adam and Eve clothed in sanctifying grace. When they sinned they lost this and through them their descendants lost it. This loss of sanctifying grace, or absence of it, is called "original sin."

We have our bodies from our parents but not our souls.

Our souls are created by God and our parents contribute nothing to them.

When a mother conceives a child, God creates a soul: in the instance of Mary, He stepped in Himself and occupied that body.

Roma locuta est!

THE DUMB OX.

St. Louis' Export Trade

The way for St. Louis to establish an export trade is to establish it. It is no doubt a good thing for persons more or less directly interested in the extension of exports of our manufactures to get together and indulge in academic discussion of the needs of South America, for example, and the capacity of our factories to supply those needs. Such discussions stimulate ambitions and they will lead to something when the men who have something more than an academic interest in the subject take them up. But business connections with foreign buyers are not formed merely by everybody agreeing that we have the goods and the money; the argument must be carried to the man at the other end, who is probably even more anxious to have the goods than the maker here is to sell his product.

There is a good deal of nonsense talked about the handicaps the American manufacturer has to carry when he goes into the foreign field. It has been shown us that we do not go the right way about getting the trade of the Latin Americas, for instance: it has been pointed out to us that the Germans proceed with great deliberation in going after that trade; that they send their young men into the country to learn the language and lay the foundation of credit—and that they are in the habit of extending

much longer credits than the American business man will. And when the young men have long gray whiskers the people among whom they have lived most of their lives begin to loosen up and buy. Now it is very obvious that the American merchant or manufacturer is not adapted to this method of creating business, that other and more distinctively American methods must be practiced and that these methods will be made successful if they are fortified by the goods and the selling end has the punch. But Latin America is not the place to unload junk, and perhaps we have been handicapped by the memory of the days when wooden nutmegs were a staple product for foreign consumption.

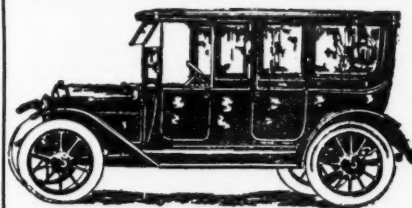
St. Louis contains more than one industrial institution which enjoys important trade connections not only in South America but all over the world and the most notable of these is, probably, the Fulton Iron Works—notable in the extent of the territory it serves, in the quality of its output and in the high standing it enjoys in the esteem of buyers in all the sub-tropical countries as well as in the domestic market. The success of the company has been due primarily to the fact that it offered to foreign buyers what they wanted; it did not attempt to educate a people slow in learning to buy that which they did not want. Having proved the value of its products in the home market, it went into the foreign market with confidence and as a consequence the cane-mills and crushers made by the Fulton Iron Works in St. Louis are known wherever sugar is grown and cane is crushed. The company is one of the institutions which is honored at home as well as abroad, for its Corliss engines for steam use, and oil engines of

The January Clearing Sales

With Great Savings
In Every Section

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"THE PRIVATE CAR TONE" AUTO SERVICE

Now \$2.00 to \$3.00 per hour. Measured at the rate of \$1.50 per hour, plus 20c for each mile.

Minimum charges\$1.50

No hourly charge over \$3.00

Trips limited to 45

miles within 10 hrs.....15.00

Additional miles, each... .30

MARSHALL BROS. LIVERY CO.

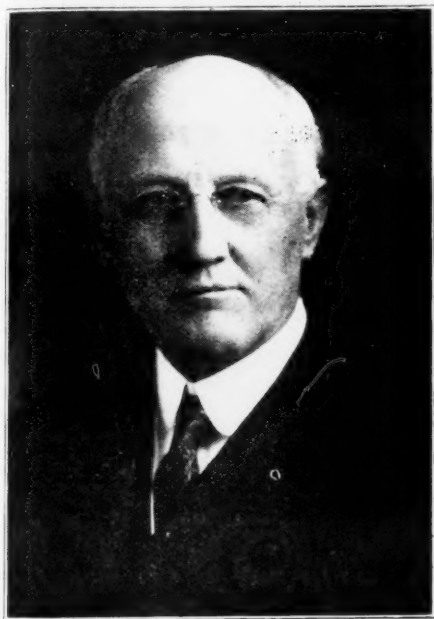
5263 Delmar Ave.

Majestic Hotel

the Diesel type command a market that extends all over this continent.

But it is in its work in the development of the foreign trade that the Fulton Works has proved its value in a broad way. Of course, its history is not bounded by yesterday, for the company was established—in a very modest way—sixty-three years ago. Most people will remember the old plant that stood for more than sixty years on Second street, near the river—which in its earlier years was the channel through which the Fulton Iron Works reached the greater part of its trade. About four years ago it had so far outgrown its quarters that the splendid plant on Plymouth avenue at the city limits was erected and occupied, and even this is now outgrown and contracts have been

placed for new buildings which will increase the capacity of the plant one-third. With the opportunities for expansion afforded in the new plant the old company greatly expanded its activities. It has built and installed some of the greatest Diesel-type engines in this country. Wherever wheels turn the name of the Fulton Iron Works has a place in the engine room, if it is modern. In the matter of supplying these engines it has attained to prominence in the manufacturing world simply through the excellence of its products. Needless to say, it took something more than superior class in the machinery to secure



J. F. O'NIEL,
President Fulton Iron Works.

that foreign trade which now knows St. Louis for its cane-mills and crushers.

In the building up of that trade, selling capacity of a high order, an accurate knowledge of the needs of a market that belts the world in the subtropics, and business and financial resources of the first class were required. The company had that equipment in plenty. Also it had what the trade required in machinery—which was very much more to the point. Thus it has built up a magnificent foreign connection, a connection so extensive in its ramifications that it may be used to point out to other ambitious St. Louis manufacturers, in other lines, evidence that the world is open to progressive St. Louis concerns that have the goods that the world wants.

During all of its history the Fulton Iron Works Company has been directed with that conservative energy which counts in the building up of a great business. Its chiefs have been eminently practical men and its present president, J. F. O'Niel, occupies an enviable place in the community—so much so that there was cause for congratulation in the business world when he permitted his friends in the Business Men's League to nominate him for vice-president. He will bring to the League in his new position such solid information about the possibilities of foreign trade that he is bound to increase its store of knowledge of that trade and the possibilities for its expansion.

Coming Shows

If "Adele," the musical comedy announced to open at the Olympic Theater next Sunday evening for a week, is one-tenth as good as it is said to be by those who profess to know about such things, its presentation should be a genuine social and theatrical, or operatic success. The music is pronounced by the best critics to combine the highest quality with the lighter forms of that art and to be infectiously popular. Moreover, Miss Myrtle Jersey, who will sing the title part, is proclaimed a lyric and an acting marvel. She is an Australian girl, a protegee of Madame Melba, and a native of Melbourne, whence that great singer took her stage name. She is very young and petite and is said to possess a soprano voice of the most golden quality. Her reported success as *Sonia* in "The Merry Widow" implies real dramatic talent. Thus far she is better known in Europe than here. Her engagement by Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., is regarded as an important achievement of that entrepreneur. In addition to a beautiful voice, a beautiful face and a beautiful figure, she is celebrated as a graceful and artistic dancer. Surrounded by a good company and rich scenic effects she should be somewhat of a sensation during her engagement.

The Fashion Show, last year a New York vaudeville experiment, now fixed as an annual exhibit of feminine finery served in theatrical form, will be the big act at the Columbia for the week beginning next Monday afternoon. This year's Fashion Show is in story form. Cinderella, a sewing girl, becomes the best dressed woman in the world, and incidental to that evolution one million dollars worth of the latest creations of couturieres, milliners and modistes, in furs, lingerie, linens, boots and accessories are shown. From her stepping out of bed in the morning, till midnight finds her in the gorgeous brilliant ball room, she is clad in the latest. She is *au fait* in togs to the second on the street, in the shops, at the Country Club, at the tea hour and at the ball. Twenty of the most beautiful models in America demonstrate the "confections" to an accompaniment of comedy, charming songs and dances. All in a gorgeous scenic setting showing the *dernier cri* in house furnishing and decoration. The company is headed by Miss Emelie Lea, a fine dancer and singer, who has forsaken musical comedy for the drama of dress. The seven other numbers include: Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in their playlet, "Married," written by Porter Emerson Browne; Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, in songs, dances and repartee; Harry Holman and Company in "Adam Killjoy," a new, little comedy by Stephen G. Champlin; Nina Payne and Joe Niemeyer in a real novelty; Brooks and Bowen, two dark spots of joy; Ruth Kilbourn and Adolph Blome in unique dances and the Orpheum Travel Weekly, showing the world at work and play.

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POWER READY—24 HOURS
EACH DAY.

Next Sunday evening Elisabeth Marbury and F. Ray Comstock will present "Nobody Home," the musical comedy success of the year, at the Shubert Theater. It ran six months in New York, four in Boston and three in Chicago. The piece comes with the original cast headed by Lawrence Grossmith, Mildred Elaine, Charles Judels, Maude Odell, Carl Lyle, Mignon McGibney, George Lydecker, Nigel Barrie, Coralie Blythe (Vernon Castle's sister) and forty others. "Nobody Home" was written by Paul Rubens and Guy Bolton; the delightful musical score is by that popular composer, Jerome Kern. It tells the lively story of an Englishman new to New York and in love with an actress. There are two feature dancers, Quentin Tod and Helen Clarke, latest "finds" of Elisabeth Marbury, former manager of the Castles. Their choreographic methods are said to be absolutely new. The stage settings of the interiors were designed and planned by Miss Elsie De Wolfe. They are "the last word." There is a dazzling originality in the costumes. There will be an augmented orchestra of twenty musicians.

The Triangle Play program at the American Theater next week will consist of four latest releases new to St. Louis. Tragedy, drama and comedy, with all new stars but one. First will be the famous Japanese actress Truso-Hok, supported by Harry Woodruff and a large company, in the Thos. H. Ince production of an East Indian tragedy, "The Beckoning Flame." Norma Talmadge will make her Triangle debut, aided by Robert Harron and Thomas Jefferson, in the thrilling mystery and detective play, "The Missing Links." A brace of Keystone two-reel comedies, of Mack Sennett's unequalled posing, includes Joe Jackson, noted tramp bicyclist of the varieties, with Mack Spain and other Keystone favorites, in the rapid comedy, "A Modern Enoch Arden," and Sam Bernard with Mae Busch and another contingent of Sennett's players in "Because He Loved Her," with Bernard as a *chef* who does everything but cook.

The Junior Revue of 1915, a galaxy of greatest juvenile talent, introducing impressions of all the stars of stage-dom, with beautiful scenery, gorgeous costumes and dainty, pretty girlies, will be the sterling headline attraction at the Grand Opera House the week be-



Among those good resolutions, how about one for the purity and flavor of "The sip before dinner?"

Club Cocktails

in all varieties have for years been the selection of connoisseurs, who do not judge carelessly.

They base their preference on the smoothness and flavor due to correct blending of highest grade liquors by experts and careful aging in wood.

You will agree with their verdict.

DAVID NICHOLSON GROCERY CO.
St. Louis Distributors

ginning next Monday. The impersonations are of Oscar Hammerstein, Charley Chaplin, Jose Collins, Dolly Sisters, Ed Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven, Sophie Tucker, Willie and Gene Howard, Courtney Sisters and Gertrude Hoffmann. The company includes Frank Manning, Harry Welford, Hudson Sisters, Leo Clarke, Harry Gordon, Helen Gould, Dorothy Morley, Florence Ring, Bert Gordon, May and Margaret Rogers, Chrissie Welford and George Ford. The Raymond Sisters, will, in "An Evening at Home," give a singing and piano-playing act of superb musical quality. Sullivan and Mason have a rich repertoire of harmonic solos and duets. Other numbers will be the two Franks, in novel acrobatics and poses; Ben Smith, black-face comedian; House and La Velle, in a comedy skit, "When the Worm Turns"; Leo Fillier, violinist, and animated and comedy pictures.

"Alma, Where Do You Live," ("Alma, Wo Wohnst Du"), that beautiful operetta from the pen of Adolf Philipp and Jean Briquet, who are one and the

same, Englished by George V. Hobart, will be revived at the Park Theater on Monday, January 17th. The music of "Alma" is—music. The theme song, "Alma," is universally known, but scarcely behind it in tunefulness and artistic finish is "Childhood Days," "Land of the Beautiful Dream," "Love Me," and "Kiss Me, Love." Kitty Gordon, the late Charles A. Bigelow, and George W. Leslie, made the first hit in "Alma." Mabel Wilber will play the original role of Kitty Gordon, Frank Moulan that of Bigelow, both star parts. Alonzo Price, Park stage director, will make his first appearance here as an actor in the role of *Count Bolivar*, Louise Allen, as *Louise*, Sarah Edwards, as *Antoinette Martin*, Billy Kent as *Gaston*, Harry Fender as *Pierre Le Peach*, the innocent.

"Believe Me, Xantippe" goes to the Shenandoah on Monday, next. This week it pleases immensely at the Park. "Believe Me, Xantippe" is new here. It is a farce-comedy that took a Harvard prize. It is strong in plot and dialogue, too. Mitchell Harris has the Jack Barrymore role in the Wm. A. Brady production. Frances Neilson in Mary Young's original role is equally pleasing, while all the other players have exceptionally good assignments.

A special treat awaits the patrons of the German Theater at the Victoria Theater on Sunday evening, January 16. Franz Kirchner, of the Pabst Theater, Milwaukee, will be guest-star in Felix Phillips' sensational play "Der Wohlthäter der Menschheit" (The Benefactor of Mankind). Herr Kirchner is one of the very finest artists on the German stage in America. As actor and manager he has made the success of the Milwaukee German Theater. Outside of Milwaukee he has been seen only in Chicago thus far. In the Phillips play he takes the part of *Dr. Martius*, the gruff but wise "red doctor" in the doctor's dispute over diagnosis and treatment of the *Kaiser Frederick*. The play is not new here, but it has never been put on as it will be Sunday evening.

Commencing with the performance of the evening of January 24th for one week, Mr. Cyril Maude, the distinguished English actor, in his international triumph, "Grumpy," will be the tenant of the Olympic Theater. This is indisputably the most important offering of the present theatrical season. It will be a test of taste in St. Louis, recently quite vigorously aspersed. For fifteen years Mr. Maude has controlled his own theater in London and been a noted producer of the highest class of plays. Two years ago Mr. Maude came to this country for the first time for a short season in New York and visits to a few of the larger Eastern cities, but when in his third week at Wallack's, he presented "Grumpy" the result was the most stupendous theatrical success of the past decade. New York loved good old growly "Grumpy" and just wouldn't let it get away. It ran for a year with no diminution of drawing power. All other Maude pro-

ductions were abandoned and the tour cancelled. Mr. Maude couldn't even go back to London, until the next May. And London loved "Grumpy" even as did New York. He broke away and came back to this country, playing practically the entire season, in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. So insistent was New York's demand for more "Grumpy" that Mr. Maude opened his present season with a limited engagement at the Empire Theater. "Grumpy" is the most lovable stage creation in many years. The company is English, which means perfect. Next Monday night's performance will be for the benefit of the College Club. The money will go for scholarships and loans to girls who could not go to college without such aid; in nine years eleven thousand dollars have been so expended. Mail orders will be filled in the order of receipt. Box-office sale now on.

"The Yellow Jacket" will be the attraction at the Victoria Theater for a week beginning January 24th. This is a play in the Chinese manner. It is at the other extreme of drama from the movies. It shows the beginnings of scenery and properties, in piled chairs for mountains, waved scarves for rivers. It elaborates pantomime. The property-man is in evidence all the time, frightfully bored. Then there's the Chorus who describes each act in advance, flatters the audience and belittles the players. The play itself is a quaint love-story. Its enactment is primitively beautiful. It was seen here at Delmar Garden last June. It can be seen twenty times without losing its charm. Charles D. Coburn, of the Coburn Players, will be the Chorus, and the property-man of last June will be seen again too. "The Yellow Jacket" is the drama when it was a baby.

Barbers, Old and New

Do you remember an old print of Hogarth's which depicts a fat man, most uncomfortably seated upright in a straight-backed chair, holding close up under his chin a brass bowl with the contents of which a very thin barber, with a very large comb thrust into his hair, laved the jowls of the fat one? It is a classic—as it must be, having come from the pen of Hogarth—and it is typical of the times which the master illustrated in his marvelously pictured historical records.

Can you imagine a fat man—or any other man—submitting himself to be shaved to-day under those conditions? Can you imagine a barber doing any business in these days amidst the slovenly surroundings which Hogarth has depicted with such grim enjoyment and masterly appreciation of detail? Not in these United States.

Right here in St. Louis the development of modern progress in the art tonsorial is personified in Adolph Merdinger and the ultimate in excellence of service under conditions that appeal to the men of taste is found in the establishments that Mr. Merdinger has brought to the supreme point of splendid equipment.

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Published by William Marion Reedy,

St. Louis, Mo.

There is not in this country—or in any other country for the matter of that—anything finer than the Merdinger establishments in St. Louis. They have given tone to the entire trade and it will be no news to the men who read the MIRROR to say that they are not only handsomely and completely equipped—for Mr. Merdinger's young men are familiar with the chins of the best people of this business community. But there are other people in this town who have not yet established that connection with the Merdinger shops that leads to solace, to comfort and that sense of being well-groomed that is characteristic of the Merdinger clients. It is a good habit to get—that of seeking the services of the Merdinger people—it should prevail even more extensively than it does, though the three splendid shops that Adolph Merdinger maintains, in the Century Building, the Rex Barber Shop, at 205 North Seventh street, and in the Maryland Hotel, have a splendid patronage.

Particular attention is called to Mr. Merdinger and his business just at this juncture through a story that has come out incident to the holiday season. It indicates what the relations are between Mr. Merdinger and his people and it shows that he is something more than the good business man and munificent employer of people whose assistance he appreciates as necessary to the realization of his plans for having the best talent his profession affords. The story—and it is true—goes that at Christmas Mr. Merdinger distributed \$1,000 in cash among his people in Christmas presents, and prior to this has each year distributed \$500 among them.

Mr. Merdinger's business is the most important of the kind in this city; his shops are known all over the country and it may be said for him that he has attained pretty near the ultimate in service and in the character of the people by whom he has surrounded himself.

A Fillip to Gayety

Have you heard of the Planter's Hotel Dance Club? No? Then here is some first-hand information that will be to the liking of the people who have been regretting the lack of social activity in the night life of St. Louis down town. As a matter of fact that

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Kindly forward laundry delivered by bearer to me at 230 Fifth avenue, New York City, when ready. Forward me bill and I will send you check.

It is a pleasure to again have my linen in the hands of a real laundry.

It is hard for me to understand why someone has not started a laundry such as yours in New York City.

J. L. SELFRIDGE,

1150 Bdwy., New York.

Dec. 20, 1915.

night life is not the blank that a whole lot of people who affect the West End would have us believe and it is much more brilliant this winter than it has been for some years.

There are, for instance, the Monday evening dances at the Jefferson—and they constitute functions of considerable importance, attended as they are by many of the best of us. They bring together an assemblage of persons who appreciate the good things of life and they are essentially beautiful, with smartly gowned women and men in formal attire. There is light and color there and much enjoyment—but they are formal, in that dress is necessary. For the rest there is not so much formality. But those Monday night dances do not appeal to a good many people because of their dress formality, and these people have been considered in the organization of the Planter's Hotel Dance Club.

The first of the functions to be given by the club, Manager Walker announces, will take place Saturday evening, January 22, when this splendid old hostelry will be given over to the uses of the public—for the club makes no pretensions to exclusiveness. Of course there will be a certain discretion used by the management in the matter of guests, but really the affair will be open to the public and it will

not be necessary for the dancers to be in formal dress. Dancing will begin at 10 o'clock and the music will be of a character to appeal to people who really enjoy the dance, for 'Gene Rodemich and his Banjo Orchestra will play.

This is good hearing and the Planter's Hotel Dance Club is very certain to bring together a lot of nice people who desire to enjoy themselves without going to the trouble of formality in their pleasure-seeking. It will revive the traditions of the fine old hotel, whose spacious corridors and splendid dancing floors will be appreciated by the younger dancing set as well as by their elders, and the dances—which will take place every Saturday evening during the season—will serve to supply a lack that has been felt in a very important circle of St. Louisans.

♦♦♦

Marts and Money

On the Stock Exchange in New York conditions remain practically unaltered. The professional fellows are not disposed to do startling things on either side. They are pursuing a waiting attitude. Most of them consider the market a good sale, but they understand that the puissant banking interests are determined to maintain the *status quo* a while longer, with a view to completing liquidation in various quarters, and to raising the quoted value of the Anglo-French 5s to 99 or 100. The current figure for these securities is 95 7/8; three weeks ago, sales were made at 93 3/4.

Trading is confined chiefly to some copper, smelting, lead and similar certificates. First-class railroad shares are quite neglected, despite the fine monthly statements lately submitted by nearly all the prominent systems. The Great Northern, for instance, reported a net increase of \$2,530,000 for November. For the same period, the Pennsylvania, the principal barometric property, submitted figures denoting a gross increase of \$7,760,000 and a net increase of \$5,566,000. For the eleven months ended November 30, the net increase stands at \$17,075,000.

Surely, remarkable improvement in less than twelve months. Yet it failed to add to the prices for the stocks of the two great systems. Indeed, the publication of the statements was followed by declines of some fractions. About the only representative railroad shares which displayed noteworthy activity in the past week were those of the St. Paul. Their quotation was advanced to 103, on the strength of hopes of a semi-annual dividend of \$2.50 or \$3. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, this company reported a surplus equal to only 3.25 per cent on its common stock. For the present fiscal year the percentage bids fair to be about 7 per cent.

In observant circles it is suspected that an immoderate proportion of Stock Exchange business now represents merely manipulative operations. It is pointed out, in support of this theory, that declines are invariably followed by adroit maneuvers on the long side of

issues in which the great majority of traders are very little interested, if at all. Conversely, it is said, there are plain signs of stealthy liquidation whenever quotations have registered advances of a point or two around the prominent posts. Be that as it may, we are confronted with something like a deadlock in the general situation, with standard certificates worth \$4 to \$6 less than in the first week of November.

The daily totals of transactions indicate considerable contraction; but they still compare favorably with the records in the first two months of 1915. The present daily average is about 600,000 shares. In the bond department, the totals range from \$3,750,000 to \$5,500,000.

Careful attention was bestowed, a few days ago, upon a statement given out by Chairman E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation. Some of the ideas expressed therein proved anything but exhilarative to people afflicted with unconditional optimism. "Why such a pronunciamento at this time?" was promptly asked on the floor and in the offices. "What struck the old man?" Proper questions, undoubtedly. There were insinuations that Mr. Gary might have some big short contracts outstanding, but they were peremptorily brushed aside. Thoughtful operators declared that such suspicion could not reasonably be drawn from the text of the statement. In this view of the matter I unhesitatingly concur. In my judgment, the main object of Mr. Gary was to warn against over-confidence and over-extension of credit, and to impress the public mind with the multitudinous incertitudes deriving from the effects of the European struggle upon economic affairs throughout the world.

It will not be amiss to quote a few of his remarks in these columns: "We are proceeding at a rapid pace. There is great expansion at present. I fear there is great inflation. Some of the circumstances surrounding the financial and industrial field are peculiar and not justified. There will be jars and jolts when eyes are opened and things become normal. We ought to stop, ponder, reason. We shall be all the better for it. Legitimate enterprise will be benefited if we read all the signs, consider the past, and reflect upon the future.

"What of the future? Who can say with any feeling of certainty? It may be very dark and desperate. It will be thus in Europe, and we in America will feel the effects to a great or lesser extent. The destruction of billions upon billions of property in any country must necessarily affect in some degree all other countries. Economic conditions in United States may and should be good in the long future, with the usual interruptions, if we are fully alive to our opportunities.

"This is an epoch. Times are serious, perhaps critical. Financial, commercial, and industrial interests of this nation may be firmly established on an independent and invulnerable foundation, but there must be co-operation between all classes and departments, private and public. We must be prepared for radical

Who Has a Birthday This Month?

One of the children? Here's a birthday book that gains in value as it gets older and whose text is always being added to with material that grows in interest as the child grows older. It's the Mercantile Trust Company's little gray savings pass book.

Get one for your child's birthday—and time will write into it a record of character, frugality and ambition. Connected as it will be with the birthday sentiment saving will be made interesting for the child—a wonderful lesson that will influence its future.

This Little Gray Book has a Birthday Cover

—it conveys greetings—it records the date of the gift—it has sentiment as well as practicality. Give a Mercantile Savings Account and it will never be forgotten.

\$1 opens a Mercantile Savings Account—interest 3 1/2 %, compounded semi-annually.

Our Savings Department is open Monday evenings until 7:30 o'clock

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Eighth and Locust

changes in volume, in prices and resources."

No need to quote further. The words reproduced indicate that Mr. Gary is in an anxious and perturbed mood. Since he is intimately connected with powerful financial and industrial parties on both sides of the Atlantic, it would be foolish to evince indifference to his cautionary remarks, and downright idiotic to consider them motivated solely by stock market interests. They are in accord with the known facts and perceivable tendencies, as well as with the solicitous views lately voiced by several high-standing bankers and railroad officials. If we should prepare for war in times of peace, we should prepare for unfavorable turns in times of prosperity.

In the copper industry conditions remain very agreeable to the producing and selling companies and their shareholders. The latest quotation for electrolytic is 23.75 @ 24.00 cents a pound. These figures indicate an improvement of over 100 per cent since January 1, 1915. Another advance is confidently looked for in the near future. It is an interesting, though not an unprecedented coincidence that the value of the metal rises with the quotations for copper and smelter certificates on the Stock Exchanges and in the curb markets. The selling agencies have things their own way these days, and it is hardly open to doubt that in the midst of their strenuous endeavors they give benevolent heed, occasionally, to the hieroglyphics of the tape. The demand for copper shares is brisk and large, brokers inform us. Many purchases are for investment purposes. May be so. His-

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tory repeats itself. However, there are many choice bond issues that yet can

be acquired at prices netting investors 5 to 5½ per cent. There are also some desirable railroad, industrial, and public service stocks, paying dividends of 5 to 10 per cent per annum, that can still be purchased at prices implying net returns of 5¾ to 6½ per cent.

People who wish to invest surplus funds should select the really good things, irrespective of the tumult and the shouting on the Stock Exchanges, or the enticing smooth words of those brokers who value commissions more than their reputations. There's an awful amount of dubious stocks being distributed at the present time among ignorant and confiding people whose cupidity has been aroused by silly newspaper tales of fabulous winnings in Wall Street and elsewhere. If some honest and fearless newspapers were to point out, and adduce the requisite evidence to prove, that in the long run there's about one man in ten thousand who remains ahead of the Wall Street game, the popularity of the "good gambles" would quickly subside all over the country. One of the new fashions of the new time is to issue stock having no par value whatever—blind-pool certificates, that is to say. Things of this sort have in recent times been reeled off the printing presses by the Submarine Boat, the Kennecott Copper, and the Cerro de Pasco Mining companies. The Kennecott is a Guggenheim product; in it has disappeared the Guggenheim Exploration. Yet the police continue to arrest poor crap-shooting "niggers." Some financiering, sure enough. It's legal, of course, but not everything that's legal is commendable.

Sterling exchange has advanced to \$4.76, as a result of increased liquidation of American securities by British holders and additional imports of gold. Reichmarks, Austrian kronen, and Russian roubles have established new absolute minima. Bills on France and Italy show no important changes.

Finance in St. Louis.

Trading on the local Bourse was active and unusually varied in the past week. This, notwithstanding the uncertain and drooping market in the East. Especially prominent were the stocks of some of the leading banks and trust companies. They reflected the growing recognition of their substantial intrinsic merits and promising dividend potentialities. Fifteen shares of Mercantile Trust were transferred at 345, a new top price for the present upward movement. Mississippi Valley Trust, which could be bought at 278 to 80 some weeks since, now is worth 300. Including the quarterly dividend of \$4, recently paid, the improvement in market value amounts to over \$25. The turnover was one hundred and six shares. Seventeen shares of Boatman's Bank were sold at 150—an unchanged price. Forty Bank of Commerce found purchasers at 99.50 to 100. The latter figure denotes an advance of about \$10, when compared with the minimum of some time ago.

United Railways issues were not much in evidence. Their prices indicate but trifling changes. Ten thousand dollars of the 4s were transferred at 64. The

shares were ignored altogether. Of St. Louis & Suburban general 5s \$5,000 were disposed of at 74. The market for these securities shows a little stiffening. Six thousand dollars of Independent Breweries 6s were sold at 47; fifteen shares Ely-Walker D. G. common at 100, and \$3,000 Kansas City Home Telephone 5s at 90.

Bank clearings in St. Louis continue to make encouraging records. For the calendar year, 1915, the gain, in this respect, was 6.8 per cent. No change of importance can be noted in the money situation. The year has opened well for the banks and their stockholders and borrowing customers.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bk. of Commerce	99¾	100
Mercantile Trust	345	
Mississippi Valley Trust	295	298
St. Louis Union Trust	360	380
Mortgage Guarantee	5	6¼
United Railways pfd.	18½	20
do 4s	64	64¼
St. Louis & Sub. 1st 5s	99½	100
do gen. 5s	74	
Broadway 4½s	97¾	97¾
Cass Av. & F. G. 4½s	96¾	
Compton Heights 5s	99½	
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	89½	90
Laclede Gas pfd.	91	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s	91¼	91¾
do 5s (\$500)	91¼	91¾
do 5s (\$100)	91½	91¾
Am. Central Insurance	166	171
St. L. Cotton Compress	33	35
Union Sand & Material	71	73
International Shoe com.	91	93
Marx-Haas pfd.	100¼	
Gen. Roofing pfd.	100	
Consolidated Coal		12
Granite-Bimetallic		78¾
Adams Mining	60	65
St. L. Brewing Assn.,		
6s (\$60)	47	
Wagner Electric		180

Answers to Inquiries.

Reader, St. Louis: The betterment in the price of Ontario Silver is in sympathy, mostly, with the favorable turn in the quotations for other mining issues, as also with the rise in the value of silver, now quoted at 56½, as compared with 46¾ some months ago. It is quite probable that Ontario might go up several points more in the near future.

Stockholder, Alton, Ill.: (1) Hold your Bank of Commerce. There are indications of accumulative purchases for important interests. The latter half of 1916 is likely to witness an increase to 7 or 8 per cent in the annual dividend rate. (2) Laclede Gas preferred is a good investment, the 5 per cent dividend being safe, and the company's earning power growing from year to year.

Financial Observer, St. Louis.—In view of the various and serious legal difficulties in which the company is involved, hopes for a smart betterment in the prices of United Railways common and preferred shares cannot be entertained. There is consistent selling on every upturn of a few points. Cannot recommend additional purchases at the present day.

H. L. O'D., Little Rock, Ark.—No definite statements can be made at this



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Soloist—JOHANNA GADSKI

Famous Wagnerian Soprano
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Popular Program at Popular Prices
Parquet 50c Balcony 25c
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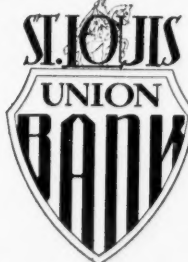
time concerning the future values of Missouri, Kansas & Texas issues. It appears to me, though, that you would commit a blunder by liquidating at current prices. Await the outcome.

Lamb, Kansas City, Mo.—Better hang on to your People's Gas of Chicago. In due time, they will give you an opportunity to liquidate at your price of 121, but you may have to wait longer than you consider probable.

For Britain's Dependents

For the first time in local history, the citizens of English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh birth, or ancestry, have joined hands, and are working together in an effort to raise a fund for the relief of widows, orphans, and other stricken dependents in Great Britain and Ireland. Suffering, and charity, are aside from nationality, as has been splendidly shown in the several relief movements carried out in St. Louis, in all of which, representatives of warring nations gave freely to the relief of all, irrespective of nationality. In the recent Scottish relief movement, many contributions were received from Germans and Austrians in the city, and when the German fund was being raised, to aid their suffering ones, both British and French

Remember Our Name and Location



Fourth and Locust

gave freely. The British Relief Committee composed of Daniel Evans, T. R. Thomas, W. G. Morgan, Rev. Edmund Duckworth, George W. Smith, W. J. Lynch, N. Walter McIntyre, William T. Bowen and Luther F. Ward, has arranged a great concert, to be held in the Odeon, on Saturday, January 22d, the program of which will present the best features of entertainment representative of the four countries. Tickets are now on sale at Famous and Barr Co. Donations to the fund should be sent to Rev. Edmund Duckworth, 4946 Washington avenue.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

A Great Newspaper

The average layman has not the least idea of the enormous charges to which the newspapers of the United States have been put by the European war. As a matter of fact most newspaper readers suppose that the war has been profitable to the news-vendors—that the additional circulation acquired through the interest of the public in the war has been compensatory to the publishers of dailies. But they have no conception of the tremendous added expense incurred by the big dailies in keeping in touch with events as they happen in the field; they have no knowledge of the work imposed on the news-gatherers in forming organizations that must be effective every day and every hour in the day in theaters remote, difficult of access and cut off by censors.

It was a great editor of the *Globe-Democrat* who said that it was the business of the editor "to know where hell was going to break loose next and to have a reporter on the spot." And it is a most amazing thing that the editors of the *Globe-Democrat* to-day have been able to forecast the breaking loose of infernal conditions in many parts of a continent and still more amazing that they should have reporters on all the various jobs. For this war has developed features never before contemplated in the business of gathering and printing the news and it has proved, as nothing else could prove, the remarkable efficiency of the *Globe-Democrat* organization.

It takes a really great newspaper to adjust itself to new conditions of such unprecedented character as have confronted the newsmen during the past eighteen months. One finds his *Globe-Democrat* at his door in the morning and he reads it and takes for granted the fact that it is furnishing him reliable news, while it is still news. He might read other papers and accept what he reads "with a grain of salt," but he is pretty certain to feel that when he sees it in the *Globe-Democrat* it is true. Because of this reputation for veracity in the publishing of the news, the *Globe-Democrat* had greater difficulties to contend with in gathering and presenting the war news, than journals with a lesser reputation. It must not only have the news but it must have the news in verity; it must show just as much enterprise as a more sensational publication, but it must prove everything before it is put into type. The fact that it has lived up to its reputation is certain evidence of the resourcefulness of this great publication.

When the war broke the *Globe-Democrat* was fortified with connections in Europe through the most reliable of the news-gathering associations—and in a day or two those connections were practically shattered by unheard of rules in the control of news-distribution by wire and mail. It was put up to this big St. Louis paper, as to the great papers of New York and London and Paris, to reorganize its forces. Independent sources of news-supply must be drawn upon and means found for getting past the censors. It would not do to explain to the public that avenues of

communication were broken. What the people wanted was the news and they very naturally looked to the *Globe-Democrat* for it. And they got it—not in the long run, but at once. They simply took the service for granted and very few of us had, or have, any idea of the tremendous expenditures of brains and money, of the nerve-racking anxiety that followed before the sources of news were again brought into connection with the *Globe-Democrat* office. When the connections with the sources of news were again established the work of caring for the war news in all its aspects had but just began. It became immediately necessary to retain real talent in the fields of literature, world-politics and war, to the end that news might not only be recorded but also interpreted. Men of eminence in the world of letters were retained to do the reporting that had hitherto been done by routine men, and for more than a year the pages of the *Globe-Democrat* have borne the names of authors who command the highest remuneration in literature. Great generals, statesmen of world-renown, kings and emperors were reached to the end that the readers of this St. Louis paper might have first-hand information and views.

And all this was done through the exercise of resources that only a great newspaper could draw on. The expense must have been tremendous; the cable tolls alone would provide a respectable income for some pretentious newspapers; but this great outlay had to be taken on in order that the readers of the *Globe-Democrat* might be justified in their expectation of service. It is, of course, a fine thing to have such a reputation for accuracy and enterprise as this paper has, but it costs a lot to live up to it—and there has been nothing like compensation in a monetary sense.

All the extraordinary expenses of conducting a newspaper in war times had to be added to the routine expense. It was not practicable to retrench in other directions; all of the ordinary business of gathering news had to be carried on. The same calm deliberation in the presentation and discussion of events had to be maintained as in times of peace and during all the turmoil of news-gathering in this time of stress the *Globe-Democrat* has justified its splendid history by the exercise of that influence which has gone so far to make this country a better place to live in.

Since the war began death has twice struck the chiefs of the *Globe-Democrat* organization, removing, first, the editor-in-chief, Captain Henry King, and again taking off D. M. Houser, the president of the publishing company. But those men had builded for something more than their times and the great organization of the paper was not affected in its every day service. Such a newspaper as the *Globe-Democrat* is expressive of the spirit that directs it rather than the individual and that spirit is as strong in Charles H. McKee and E. Lansing Ray as it was in their great predecessors who gave to this community one of the really big journals of America.

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Next Week, Beginning Sun. Night,
\$1 Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

Elizabeth Marbury and F. Ray Comstock Offer

THE BRIGHTEST, JOLLIEST MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE YEAR

"NOBODY HOME"

PRETTY GIRLS—CLEVER COMEDIANS—NEWEST DANCES
Night Prices, 25c-\$1.50—No Higher.

This Week—"HIGH JINKS"

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STERLING VAUDEVILLE
2:15—Twice Daily—8:15

The Brilliant Viennese Prima Donna

FRITZI SCHEFF

Kate Sam
ELINORE AND WILLIAMS
J. C. NUGENT
in His Original Oddity,
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Now Playing:

"Believe Me, Xantippe"

First Time in St. Louis
A Wonderfully Entertaining and
Laughable Comedy by the Author
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NEXT WEEK:
The Startling, Melodious,
"ALMA, WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"
("Alma, Wo Wohnst Du?")
With Frank Moulan and the Park
Opera Company.

SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

Next Week:

"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE."

Now Playing:

"The Sultan of Sulu"

The Park Opera Company with
Frank Moulan in his Original Role
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Starting Next Sunday Matinee
11 a. m. till 11 p. m.

THOS. H. INCE Presents

The Great Japanese Actress TRUSO-HOK, Supported by HARRY WOOD-
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NORMA TALMADGE Makes Her Triangle Debut in "THE MISSING LINKS."
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den," while Sam Bernard with Mac Busch in "Because He Loved Her."

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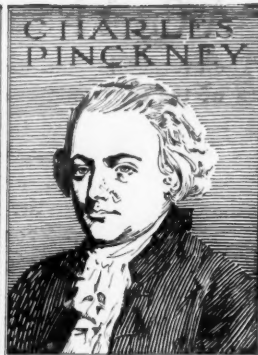
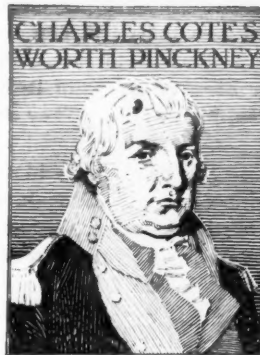
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FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A. NO. 8

The Pinckneys—"Fathers of the Republic"

PERHAPS South Carolina's best gift to this Free Republic was the splendid services of her two great sons—Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Charles Pinckney. It can truthfully be said of the Pinckneys that their love of honor was greater than their love of power, and deeper than their love of self. One played an important part in the "Louisiana Purchase"—the other, while an envoy to France, was told that the use of money would avert war, and to this replied: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Both devoted their eminent abilities toward framing our National Law. The Constitution of the United States, as it stands to-day, was built upon the framework of a plan first proposed by Charles Pinckney. It was he who demanded that it contain freedom of religion, freedom of the press, habeas corpus and trial by jury. In political faith only did these two great men differ. Charles Pinckney was an ardent Democrat, and Charles C. Pinckney a loyal Federalist, and was twice a candidate for President. It is

easy to imagine the horror that these two great lovers of Personal Liberty would have expressed if shown the proposed Prohibition Laws of to-day. It is needless to say that if alive they would VOTE NO to such tyrannous encroachments upon the NATURAL RIGHTS OF MAN. The Pinckneys both believed in the moderate use of light wines and barley brews. They also believed in legislation which encouraged the Brewing Industry, because they knew that honest Barley Beer makes for true temperance. For 58 years Anheuser-Busch have been brewers of honest Barley-Malt and Saazer Hop beers—the kind the Pinckneys knew to be good for mankind. To-day their great brand—BUDWEISER—because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other beer by millions of bottles; 7500 people are daily required to keep pace with the public demand for BUDWEISER.

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